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**Quire's Attack
on Reagan**
—See page 1040

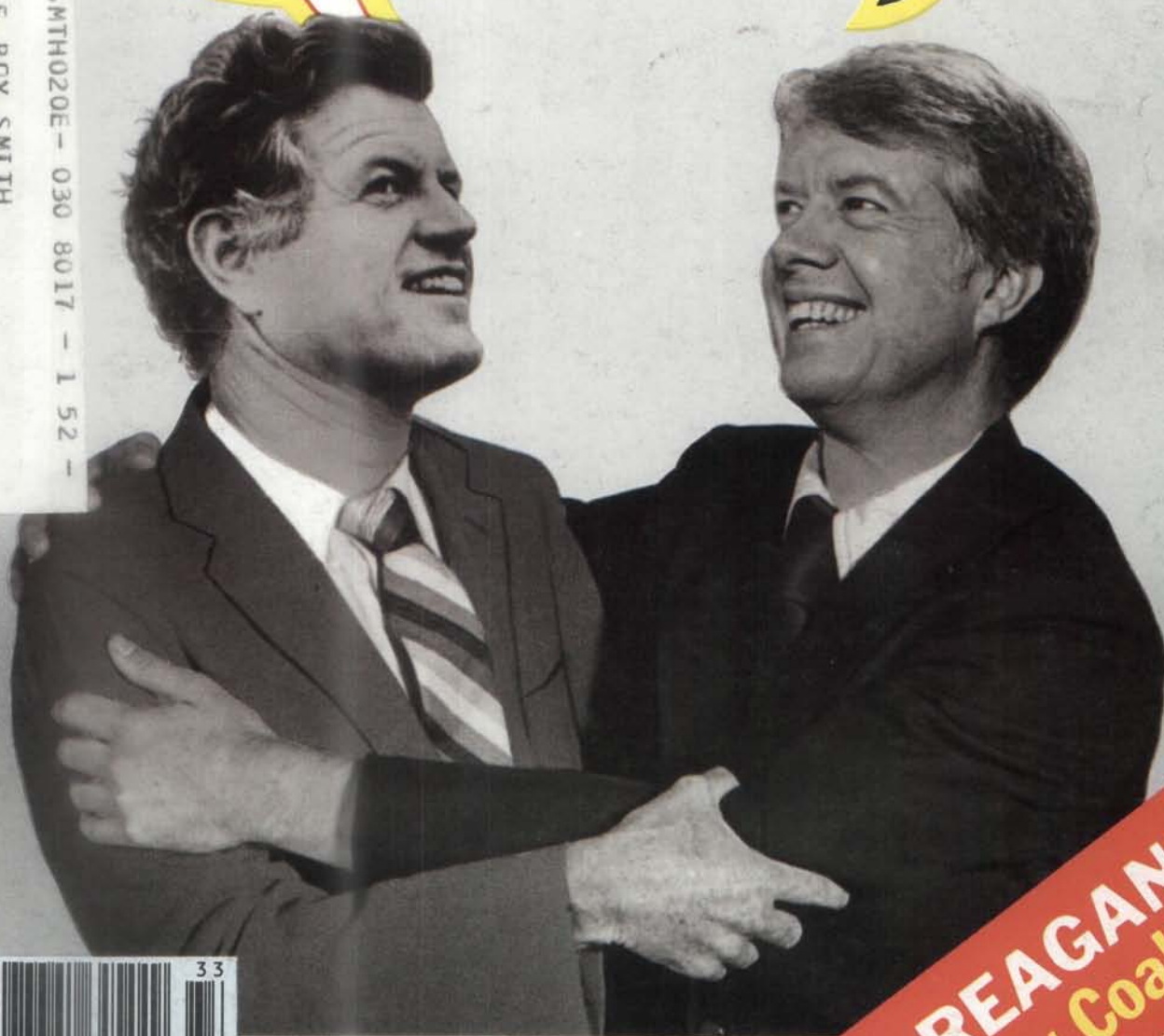
AUGUST 22, 1980

NATIONAL REVIEW

WHAT CARTER
IS SAYING IS THAT THE
COUNTRY IS GETTING
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GETTING SICKER AT
A SLOWER RATE.

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**REAGAN'S
New Coalition**
ROBERT D. NOVAK

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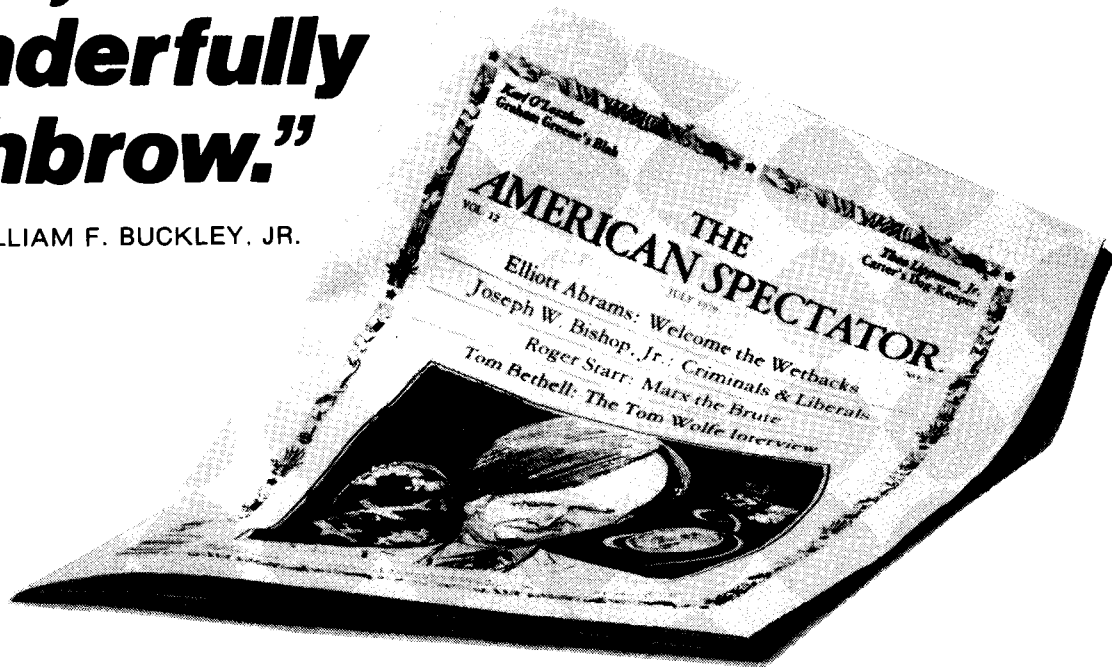
And since the Millitron is computer-controlled, it can change from one pattern to another in a matter of seconds. So whichever pattern you order, you can be certain that it will be readily available.

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The Campaign

1020 Feuding in the Rear Guard

Is the Carter-Kennedy rift real? Sure—but it tends to distract notice from the simple fact that there's hardly a dime's worth of difference between them. Their real fight is about why all the things they're both in favor of don't work. Kennedy blames Carter; Carter, more realistically, seems to sense the impossibility of liberalism. *Richard Brookhiser*

1023 Reagan's New Coalition

Something different happened in Detroit. Ronald Reagan and his party buried the hatchet with the original and indispensable core of Republicanism: blue-collar workers. But the union bosses, mostly liberal Democrats, will do their level best to unearth the hatchet between now and November.

Robert D. Novak

1027 Fulcrum of Past and Future

The Shah is dead. He made his country great, though briefly. If she is ever great again, he will be remembered with honor. *Norman B. Hannah*

Books Arts & Manners

1028 Kenneth S. Lynn finds that a bio of Jack Kennedy misses its own point. . . . Jeff Greenfield's insider's guide to politics lives up to its lavish campaign pledges, says **Joseph Sobran**. . . . **Kevin Lynch** reviews a study of "the ugly duckling of the nuclear family"—tactical nuclear weapons. . . . Lillian Hellman's new book contains a lot of blank pages, notes **David Evanier**. Draw your own conclusions. . . . Robert Coles's study of Flannery O'Connor tells **J. O. Tate** lots about Coles, nothing about O'Connor. Also in this issue: **James Rawley**, **D. Keith Mano**, **Nika Hazelton**.

Articles & Columns

1007 The Forgotten Ones

Forty years ago, Hitler's ally began collecting captive nations. *Brian Crozier*

1008 Brazil and the Pope

Brazil is a huge melange of a nation, of which nearly anything you say is bound to be partly true. Though devoutly Catholic, it abounds also in superstition, from traditional pagan to the latest post-Vatican II models. Many priests, for instance, believe more fervently in redistribution than in God. As a result, the most "progressive" elements in the Church are actually the most repressive—the ones who do most to retard economic progress. Still, Brazil has volcanic sources of strength, and may yet prove one of the world's great nations.

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

1017 Voice from the Wilderness

Jonas Savimbi's war for a free Angola, against all odds, is still gaining ground. He may even teach the U.S. a lesson. *Francis X. Maier*

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Cover photo by Ray Cassidy



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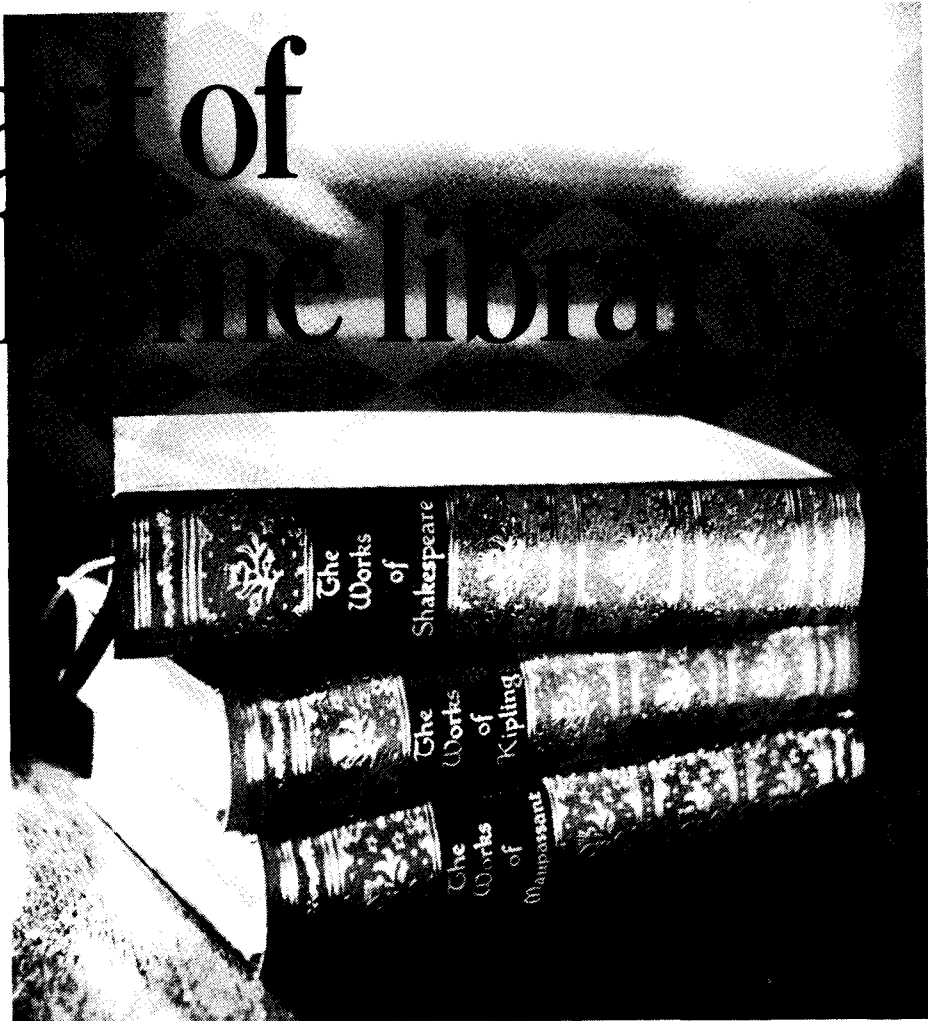
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MORTGAGE MONEY: WHO NEEDS IT? WHERE WILL IT COME FROM?

You can't always choose the best time to buy a new house. The new job won't move closer. The children won't stop growing. So you may find yourself looking for mortgage money in times like these, when mortgages are hard to find and even harder to afford.

Mortgage money becomes more scarce and costly for many reasons, but generally it is because savings institutions are not able to attract sufficient deposits and have to pay more for the funds they do attract. That's why fewer loans are being made and the requirements are more stringent. You're ready to move, but you're caught in a credit crunch.

CUSHIONING THE CREDIT CRUNCH

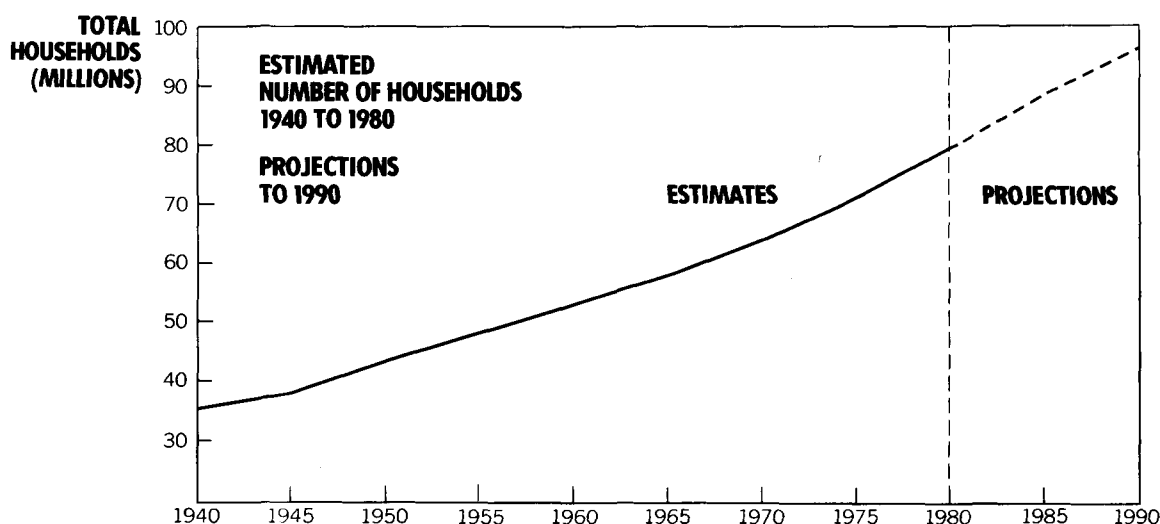
This has happened off and on for the last 15 years. Yet millions of families found their mortgage money. More than a trillion dollars worth of new mortgage loans have been made since 1965. One reason is that there is a huge secondary market for mortgages, a complex system of private businesses and government agencies which buys mortgages from the original lenders, thereby replenishing their supply of money. One part of that market is the Federal National Mortgage Association, or Fannie Mae, a shareholder-owned corporation working in the private sector.

THE WINDOW THAT NEVER CLOSES

When funds from other sources dry up or are limited, Fannie Mae is still buying. Unlike banks and savings and loans, which usually must depend on funds from local depositors, Fannie Mae can tap capital markets worldwide. The money we borrow is then "recycled," used to purchase mortgages, replenishing the supply available for new loans.

Since becoming a private corporation in 1968, Fannie Mae has purchased mortgages worth \$65 billion representing financing for close to 3 million housing units for moderate- and middle-income families. That makes us the largest single supplier of funds for home mortgages.

Knowing that Fannie Mae is always there has created a foundation of confidence for the housing industry, providing needed stability in what had been a boom-or-bust business. During 1979, for example, Fannie Mae purchased \$10.8 billion worth of mortgages, providing financing for more than 230,000 homes.



THE BABY BOOM IS HOUSEHUNTING

Regardless of whether money is tight or easy, interest rates high or low, the demand for home financing will be increasing. The babies born during the post-war boom are ready for places of their own. Nearly 32 million Americans reached 30 years of age during the '70s. During the '80s, 42 million will reach this prime home-buying age.

Additional demands for mortgage funds will come from some new buyers in the housing market. Women who head households, the elderly and single people, for example. Minorities who had found opportunities scarce or non-existent now have the protection of the law to help them enjoy homeownership.

We believe that by always keeping our window open in the secondary mortgage market, Fannie Mae is also keeping the door open to homeownership for many Americans.

WHAT IS FANNIE MAE?

Fannie Mae, the Federal National Mortgage Association, is a shareholder-owned corporation which helps meet people's housing needs by supplying money to the home mortgage industry. We purchase mortgages from local lenders, thereby replenishing their funds for further lending. Federal National Mortgage Association, 3900 Wisconsin Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20016.

FANNIE MAE America's Mortgage Resource

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Taming the God of War

If I hadn't found the "testimony" on the cover of the last *NR* [Aug. 8] so intriguing ("I, Sam Cohen, invented the neutron bomb. The next thing I knew, I was being snubbed by moralists. But I started talking to Catholic Bishops . . . and Cardinals . . . I think I made an impression"), I might not have gone on to read the article in question, since nuclear issues are way beyond my unscientific mind. Having been drawn in, though, I gladly stayed to the end, and found the article totally refreshing. Mr. Cohen is evidently a big enough man not to feel he must act blasé when he is placed in pretty impressive circumstances. His own humility gives credence to Archbishop Cheli's statement: "I can assure you that Mr. Cohen is a highly moral person," and makes me willing to believe that out of the nuclear age could come a return to a more civilized form of warfare.

Gervase Thomson
 Belmont, Mass.

Early Birds

I approached your June 13 issue with some trepidation, as the legend "Castro's Worms Arrive" adorned the cover. I hardly knew what to expect. I was quite relieved to discover that the term "worms" was an appellation bestowed by Castro himself and not by your author, E. Howard Hunt. My only quibble now is that quotation marks should have been put around "worms" on the cover. I would not want to see anyone discouraged from picking up and reading the magazine.

Edward S. Hume M.D.
 New York, N.Y.

I was introduced to *NATIONAL REVIEW* by a friend who knew the magazine well. He gave me several back issues to look at, and I became an interested subscriber.

My family resides in a South American country that is now leaning toward Communism. Many truths are withheld from the people. A close relative of mine works for a non-Communist newspaper in the capital city, and I have been sending abroad various news articles from American publications. *NATIONAL REVIEW* has opened my eyes to many world happenings and has influenced me to continue helping the South Americans learn about world events of which they would otherwise be ignorant.

I am grateful to my friend for sharing his interest in *NATIONAL REVIEW*.

Raul Sillau
 New York, N.Y.

Light on the Soviet Darkness

A kudo (as you would say) to *NATIONAL REVIEW* for your feature "The True Horror of Soviet Internal Exile" [July 25] by the courageous Victor Herman and Fred E. Dohrs. If you have more material like this, please pass it on to the American people so they can deepen their love for freedom, which we could lose if we do not get a new grip on reality, regain our strength as a nation, and restore our old resolve for eternal vigilance.

Frank Wright
 West Palm Beach, Fla.

Herman and Dohrs's dramatic presentation of a typical or hypothetical case certainly makes the point more effectively than would an impersonal description of such situations in general. And the point that is made is a good one. Yet, it seems to me that the focus remains rather clearly on the fact that this one dissident is tamed, and by implication it seems that this applies to all or at least most of the rest. As good as this piece is, I believe it would have been better had it made some concession to the fact that dissidents continue to surface, especially among the non-Russian national minorities, and that not all of them share the fate of the one described. Were this not true, dissidence in the Soviet Union would long since have been stamped out—including Mr. Herman's own reaction to the system.

Eugene F. Timpe
 Chairman, Department of Foreign
 Languages and Literatures
 Southern Illinois University
 Carbondale, Ill.

Sparklers

Mr. Anthony R. Dolan has captured my vote as the new U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations under our future President Ronald Reagan.

His article "Let's Take the Offensive" [May 30] was brilliant.

Gilman J. Chasse
 Bangor, Me.

I wish to congratulate David Glasner for his unique article "A Windfall Popularity Tax" [June 13]. Terrific idea. I wish I'd thought of it.

Frank Chilson
 New York, N.Y.

Beyond Freedom

"The Week" [July 11] included an editorial called "Fumbling for the Key"—the "key" being to get Reagan elected, and the error of the right-to-life movement

**What's New — These little-known TAX SECRETS are currently
"catching-on" all over the country. Read how . . .**

**It's Your Money
By Ed Cullin**

LEGAL TAX LOOPHOLES THAT MAKE YOU RICH

These days you'd be a darn fool not to take advantage of all the "little-known" loopholes in the nation's Tax Code.

Legally pay little or no taxes every year.

Invest your savings.

And grow rich just like the millionaires.

It's common knowledge that the super-rich and other "insiders" successfully use tax loopholes year after year. And become wealthier and more prosperous each year.

Why don't you?

Here's an interesting example of what I mean.

Did you know that you (within 24 hrs.) could easily establish a LEGAL, operating "non-profit" organization with you in total control. Based on any moral reason.

Then open a bank account. Then LEGALLY donate up to 50% of your income to it. And simply take a corresponding tax deduction.

Then your "non-profit" organization, in turn, can LEGALLY pay your housing costs ... including rents, mortgages, repairs, taxes ... as well as insurance, care, gas, travel, parking, entertainment and educational costs.

Take a pencil and paper and figure it out.

That's a lot of \$\$\$\$\$, isn't it.

No wonder over 2.5 million have done it. For some, it's the "only way" to survive.

The valuable information that I just shared with you is only the start. It's only the tip of the iceberg. There are currently other "little-known" tax loopholes available that can make you rich too.

I've published a new book that describes the history, background, & analysis of every single one of them. I've taken the mystery out of "little-known" tax loopholes. Now for the first time ANYONE can take advantage of loopholes and grow rich. Just like the millionaires and other "insiders."

Furthermore, I'm so confident that you'll be so completely satisfied with this valuable information that I'll explain how to obtain it with no risk involved.

And in addition, because tax laws change every year, I am going to offer you a FREE 1 YR. SUBSCRIPTION to our newsletter called "Insider's" TAX LOOPHOLE DIGEST (worth \$24.95 itself) so that you can stay updated on the subject.

Fair enough?

TAX WARNING — Ed says you better plan NOW for next April 15, and this story explains what you can immediately do. . . .

Now let me brag a bit.

First, there has never been a book published like this before. These "little-known" tax loopholes have been "insiders" secrets for generation after generation. They have passed the test of time.

You will never hear about these loopholes on radio or TV. Nor will 99 out of 100 tax experts ever tell you about them. That is, unless they have read this book first.

This information is exclusive.

If you're interested in dropping-out of Social Security, this book will explain the ways to do it. What to say. And the rules you must follow.

For others, you will learn how to take ad-

vantage of every single loophole contained in Part III of the U.S. Tax Code. And there are some whoppers.

For example.

You will learn about 3 loopholes that allow you to reduce all your taxes "at least" 48.7% yearly. This means to a salaried worker earning \$18,000 annually extra spending cash of \$17.36 daily — \$130.12 weekly — \$520.51 monthly — or \$6,246.27 yearly.

That's enough extra money for a brand new car. Or a 2nd home on the beach. Or money enough for medical bills. Or a college education. Whatever you need.

Some creative individuals take advantage of these loopholes to completely avoid all their taxes entirely. That includes federal income taxes — local property taxes — social security taxes — sales and capital gains taxes — estate and inheritance taxes — and just about every other tax ever invented.

Here's a few comments from some of my readers:

Burt Rold, a salaried employee from Arvada, Colorado wrote me a letter and called this book his ULTIMATE SOLUTION TO INFLATION.

Elizabeth Carr, a self-employed individual from Whittier, California wrote and referred to this book as her TAX-FREE BIBLE.

Joe Bessig, a tax consultant from New York City wrote to suggest I call it THE ENCYCLOPEDIA of "LITTLE-KNOWN" TAX LOOPHOLES.

Strong claims, but true none the less. These letters are on file in my office.

The loopholes explained are solidly legal and ethical. And are in strict compliance with IRS guidelines. The millionaires and other "insiders" have been successfully using them for years. Generation after generation.

A former United States President took advantage of them. So did a former U.S. Vice-President. Current members of the President's staff take advantage of them today. Names and other documentation of these "insiders" are included in the book.

Anyone can take advantage of them. There are no qualifications.

For doctors, lawyers, dentists, and other professionals who deal directly with the public, these loopholes are perfect.

Using them, you can't lose your assets if you are sued by an angry client. You have no personal liability. Your home, car, or other possessions are not at risk. You become judgement-proof. Creditors can't sue you. It's a dream come true for everyone.

These loopholes are easy to start. You can individually design your strategy according to your very own financial situation. No matter what your income, you can set-up your loophole plan at a low cost. From your home or office.

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That's about it. I don't know what else to tell you.

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That's about as easy as I can make it for you to investigate this new book & newsletter.

Remember that every day you wait before you order equals \$17.36 that you lose. Because that's how much money you'll have extra in your paycheck every day as soon as you start taking advantage of these tax loopholes.

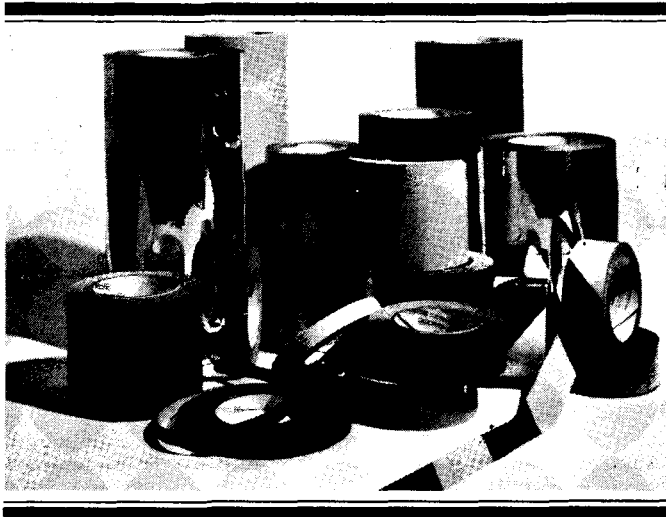
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Then please mail your order for quick service to: ULC Research Dept. AE-0880, 2410 Bank of Georgia Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. 30303.

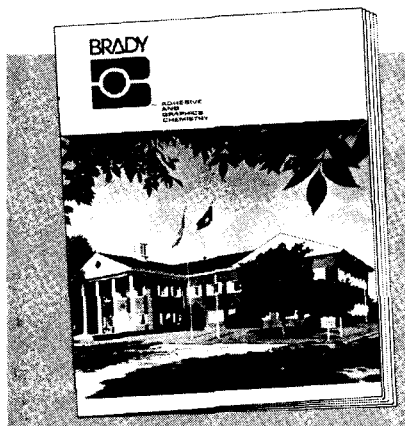
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Freedom to compete, Brady style



We're among the first to protest the government-mandated maze of regulations which dam the wellsprings of freedom and seek to substitute reams of rules for human judgment. But we still manage to run our business in unusual ways.

For example, Brady's Technicote Division takes foil, film, paper, cloth, and other materials and treats them with chemicals and coatings and then applies adhesives to them. OEM customers for this service may possibly make an end product for these materials that could be very much like one produced by another Brady division which also buys the identical base materials from Technicote. Risky? Sure it is. But risk is what freedom is all about.



Technicote will provide custom coating of a customer's own product or create a completely custom-made product to meet exacting customer requirements. Just one of many innovative Brady services for industry. Our informative new corporate brochure will tell you more about Brady...perhaps you'll see a place to put Brady to work in your company. Write for a copy today.

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in demanding a pro-life vice presidential candidate being the pertinent lesson. The writer makes his final point as if no one could ever argue with it. He says in the very last sentence: "The Soviet Union has no right-to-life movement."

Although I agree that the U.S. is the bastion of freedom in the world and that pro-lifers would have less chance of stopping the indiscriminate slaughter of the unborn if there were no Bill of Rights, I think that protecting life is even more important than protecting freedom. In other words, there are more important things than freedom.

Roderick P. Murphy
Southbridge, Mass.

The Sky Is Falling?

I wish to challenge some of the Chicken Little statements made by Neal B. Freeman in his column entitled "The Bureaucratic Scam" [May 16].

1. He states that the real objective of pay reform is a feeble attempt by the Carter Administration to slow the rate of growth in the federal payroll. He omits the fact that several recent Presidents have imposed "pay caps" to avoid paying wages comparable to those paid for like work in the private sector, with the result that federal pay lags 11.5 per cent below the private sector.

2. He chastizes efforts to retain two cost-of-living adjustments per year for federal retirees by citing the principle of compound interest. With a little homework, he would have found that the adjustment formula itself washes out the element of compounding.

3. He condemns efforts to prevent the merger of civil-service retirement with Social Security on the simplistic but indefensible bases that a) civil servants are exempt from the Social Security tax and b) the average civil-service annuity is larger than the average Social Security annuity. He does not explain that civil servants were properly excluded from Social Security in 1936 because they are already under a bona-fide retirement plan (as opposed to a social-insurance program), and he ignores the fact that civil servants have bought and paid for larger retirement benefits by contributing a larger portion of their entire salary. He also ignores any management benefits that accrue from early retirement, such as a transfusion of new blood into a program, opening promotion opportunities for deserving workers, etc.

4. He laments the fact that workers covered by Social Security must work until age 62 whereas a civil servant may retire at age 43. He carefully neglects to report that in order to retire at age 43 the worker must have completed 25 years of service and his job must be abolished.

If Mr. Freeman dealt in half-truths and

innuendo in these four instances, one can only challenge the validity of all his other views. An acorn might have fallen on his head, but the sky is not falling

Joseph E. Oglesby
Director of Public Relations
National Association of Retired
Federal Employees
Washington, D.C.

Glad to see you still have the old fire, Oglesby. It is my policy, as we say in Washington, not to get into letter-trading contests with bureaucrats. The streets are littered with the whitened bones of those who wanted the last word. What I will remark is the obvious, namely a) that your letter distorts my arguments beyond recognition, and b) that your critique fails to deal with a single substantive point I made, or indeed with the gravamen of my piece, which was that the public servant, so called, has a better deal than the private citizen. Why, whole trade associations have been known to spring up to protect such special interests.

Just for the record, please note that I am for changing the system at the front end, not the back. The rules of the game should never be changed for those already retired.

—NBF

Corroboration

In support of Mr. Mortimer T. Cohen ["Remembrance of Crimes Past," April 4; "Letters," May 30], I'd like to relate my own experience:

In and around the year 1934, I was attending classes (evening) at James Monroe High School in the Bronx. One particular class was regularly invaded and disrupted by a group of young activists with heavy accents who exhorted us to believe that "Life in the Soviet Union is better than life in the United States," among other outrageous propaganda.

When some of my classmates, more mature and knowledgeable than I, rose to refute the Communists' claims, our teacher silenced them and made them sit down.

It was obvious to me, although I was totally politically naïve at the time, that that teacher was in collaboration with the Communists. And I do remember his name.

One can assume that similar activity took place in other classrooms. Communist pamphlets had been strewn in corridors throughout the building.

Eventually, the principal of the school succeeded in barring the young radicals from entering the high school. So, thereafter, they set up their soap boxes, along with the American flag, on the sidewalk outside the school grounds and continued to shout their anti-U.S. propaganda from there.

Florence C. Candito
Ramsey, N.J.

Sink or Swim

Lynn Baker's article, "The Communist Assembly Line for Olympic Champions" [May 16], intimated that the DDR has superior knowledge in its sports-medicine approach to athletics. On the contrary, it has learned from us.

When Soviet swimmers come here to train every Christmas, they bring as many trainers and coaches as they do athletes. They are busy taking notes on our swimming and weight-training programs. The Communists' system of selecting athletes at early ages worked in swimming only once—in East Germany, 1973 to 1977.

Astounding the world in the '73 World Championships by dominating the women's events, they continued to be the best in the world through the 1976 Olympics, where they won 12 of the 13 women's gold medals. The tables turned in the 1978 West Berlin World Championships, and they won only two gold medals. They then went underground and did not appear in international competition in 1979.

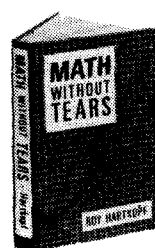
Swimming is too arduous a sport for even Communist athletes to remain on top for longer than five years. Swimmers

train for six hours a day, six days a week, 11 months a year. The DDR, because of the necessarily small, select group in its Sports Schools, cannot replenish its elite swimmers fast enough.

The U.S. Swimming Championships will be held in Irvine, California and shown on TV, starting when the Olympic Games end. U.S. swimmers will challenge the Olympic times, and we will see who is the best in the world. Be sure to watch.

Carolyn Finneran
Secretary
U.S. Olympic Swimming Committee
Santa Clara, Calif.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Will the growing conservative tide translate into Republican votes? Yes, say the pundits. **Kevin Phillips** and **Evans-Novak** keep upping the number of House and Senate seats the GOP will win come November. A *Christian Science Monitor* report says Republicans could gain up to thirty House seats. . . . Latest **Harris** shows Democrats still strong in South but Republicans leading them 51 to 44 in Senate races, 51 to 42 in gubernatorial races outside of the South. . . . And new record lows are recorded every week in **Carter's** popularity dive, down forty points from December to 21 per cent early August, lower than **Harry Truman's** 23 in November 1951, **Richard Nixon's** 24 in August 1974. . . . An interesting mid-July poll in **Alabama**—about the time of the GOP Convention—shows a break in Carter support in the South. It has Reagan leading him 56 to 32 there.

■ In all the brouhaha about replacing Carter with some one else—almost anyone else—the pollsters were busy: what they came up with was discouraging for Democrats. A Gallup poll showed **Muskie** trailing **Reagan** 45 to 31 (**Anderson** 16); **Kennedy** 48 to 27 (**Anderson** 18); **Mondale** 47 to 27 (**Anderson** 18). . . . Incidentally, in eight Gallup samplings from mid-March to mid-July, **Anderson** has barely moved: he's never gotten less than 18 per cent, never more than 22 per cent. . . . **Tip O'Neill**, who should know better, is warning that "**John Birchers** control" the Republican Party. There are," he told the House the other day, "more of them on the floor today than in any of the years I've been in the House." And he named two: Rep. **Robert Bauman** (R., Md.) who isn't and never has been a Bircher; and Rep. **John Rousselot** (R., Calif.), who was but re-



Jon, *London Daily Mail*

Rothco

"Don't the Russians use funny starting pistols?"

signed 18 months ago. Actually, as *Human Events* points out, there is a Bircher in the House: Rep. **Larry McDonald**, Georgia Democrat. . . . In general, voters think Reagan was right not to take **Gerald Ford**. Harris says they feel 66 to 30 per cent that Ford's demands on Reagan were "unreasonable." . . . Former Sen. **Margaret Chase Smith** is also mighty happy Reagan chose **George Bush** over Ford. "That combination would not have lasted one week into the campaign," she says. "It would probably have pulled the party down to defeat."

■ Other races: Alabama Political Update now predicts that Adm. **Jeremiah Denton**, a prisoner of war in Vietnam for seven and a half years, will win the Sept. 2 primary and go on to defeat incumbent Democrat Sen. **Donald Stewart**—if Stewart survives his primary. . . .

In Conn., Sen. **Lowell Weicker** has promised to campaign "enthusiastically and energetically" for **Richard Bozzuto**, who called a primary after being defeated by **James Buckley** in the Republican convention. A recent, private poll shows Buckley moving up against, but still behind, Democratic senatorial candidate **Christopher Dodd**. . . . Retiring Conn. Rep. **Robert Giaimo**, head of the House Budget Committee, is not that happy about choice of ultra liberal **Joseph Lieberman** to run for his seat. "Where Democratic candidates are not moderate and middle-of-the-road, my support will be minimal and without enthusiasm." . . . In Iowa, Rep. **Chuck Grassley** now leads Sen. **John Culver** 46 to 37 per cent.

■ Believe It or Nots: The anti-registration forces claim half a million young men failed to sign up for the draft—about a quarter of those eligible. **Selective Service** officials say 98 per cent signed up. . . . Four major oil companies, **Standard of Ohio** and **Indiana**, **Atlantic Richfield**, and **Gulf**, have lowered some prices \$1 to \$4 on newly decontrolled crude. . . . The **Atomic Industries Forum** reports that spent fuel discharged from nuclear power plants in the U.S. might result in 74 deaths due to radiation in the next 13 million years; natural background radiation could cause as many as 27 billion deaths in those same 13 million years. . . . President Carter has named **James E. Barnett** to the National Council on the Arts. Mr. Barnett is a wrestler. . . . In New York editorial offices they are wondering if and when a favorable review of the explosive **de Borchgrave-Moss** novel *The Spike* will appear in *Time* magazine, or has it been spiked? . . . And the button of the week at the **Bohemian Grove** this year: Free the Fortune 500.

THE WEEK

■ President Carter promised a “complete investigation” when reporters questioned his statement that “I do not have a younger brother.” A White House clarification the next day stated that what the President had meant to say was that he “had no recollection” of having a younger brother. The results of the investigation are to be announced later.

■ You wouldn’t have mistaken them for Julius Caesar or Napoleon, but the two big losers got together last week for a sort of summit. What was in it for Kennedy? Well, if Carter is the nominee, Anderson will siphon off liberal votes; but, he hinted—if Kennedy is the nominee, he’ll drop out! What was in it for Anderson? Well, he really doesn’t expect Carter to take gas at the convention, and he was trying to pick up Kennedyite votes in November. Big, big deal, stop the presses. It hasn’t sunk in on Kennedy that nobody wants him for President; and Anderson, who hasn’t even won a primary, isn’t a candidate at all. He’s costume jewelry.

■ At a Democratic fund-raiser, Mr. Carter chewed the Republicans for not having a good energy policy, and boasted that “we’ve set our hand to a plow that will set a furrow *that will get the Federal Government and its nose out of the private affairs of American citizens and out of the free enterprise system . . .*” (emphasis added). Does that, startled reporters asked, mean that the President is going to get out of synfuels? Repeal the windfall profits tax? Dismantle the Department of Energy? No, said a White House aide.

■ The Claremont Economics Institute, a non-partisan, California-based consulting firm, is one of the nation’s most respected organizations of its kind (CEI’s clients include the Bank of America, General Electric, and Xerox Corporation). Recently CEI issued two contingent projections on the state of the nation’s economy four years down the line. The economic scenarios, based on a model which relies heavily on consumer expectations and the rate of monetary expansion, are starkly different. The first projects an 18 per cent rate of inflation, a sky-rocketing price for gold, and an unemployment rate of 9 per cent by January. The second set projects 4 per cent inflation, stable oil and gold prices, and unemployment leveling off and then dropping to 7 per cent. The contingent variables? The first

assumes the re-election of Jimmy Carter; the second, the election of Ronald Reagan.

■ If you’ve ever heard a heartbroken child ask, “Why did God let my puppy die?” then maybe you can have some notion of the tone in which Tom Wicker is asking why God let Jimmy Carter sew up the nomination so early. In his *New York Times* column, Mr. Wicker goes on and on about how wrong it is to deprive the delegates of “any choice or discretion,” to disregard “the delegate’s views and conscience,” to prevent his being “a responsible representative of his state or its voters,” and so on. Why, indeed, even bother having a convention? Carrying the problem over to the *New York Review of Books* (for five whole pages), he wails over the selfsame questions, noting perceptively that “the problem is that this art [i.e., of packaging a media candidacy] does not have much to do with the ability to govern,” etc. And yet, after casting about for a new reform to Carterproof the American commonwealth, this caveat: “But please—before we tinker any more with our elections system, let’s take plenty of time to think through further changes before we’re stuck with them.” When Tom Wicker talks like that, you *know* the country’s swinging to the Right.

■ General Motors lost a record \$412 million in the second quarter, Ford lost a record \$468 million, and Chrysler lost a record \$536 million. The industry’s main problems are gross overregulation, a union wage scale twice the national average, and increasing imports of fuel-efficient foreign cars, in response to high gasoline prices, in response to federal energy policies. What is the government doing to aid the automotive industry, which employs one out of every six American workers? It is reviving the idea of mandatory air bags, at a cost of \$600 to \$800 per car, and instituting standby gasoline rationing.

■ Among other things, columnists Evans and Novak do in-depth polling in selected districts during presidential election years. Focusing on a blue-collar dis-

Convention Preparations

In boots and hot pants, hookers primp.
Before the johns arrive, each pimp
Will field a stable fit to greet
The guests at Thirty-Second Street.
Meanwhile, the cops are busy, too,
Deploying up the avenue,
While lurking near the Garden’s gate
Pickpockets, thugs, and muggers wait.

W. H. VON DREELE

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The ultimate significance of Billygate may not be fully known for some months, but the impact on his brother's campaign is starkly apparent. Carter re-election strategists had been counting on the quiet weeks between Detroit and New York to accomplish a critical deck-clearing chore for the fall campaign: cutting Ronald Reagan down to size. As Detroit made clear, the Reagan campaign is behind schedule; it is not yet ready to go national in terms of organization, issues, or media. With a superficially impressive lead in the polls, Reagan would have presented an inviting post-Detroit target for otherwise unoccupied investigative reporters. Even some Reagan aides were expecting the inevitable mid-summer blooper from an ill-prepared candidate. But then along came Billy and his canceled checks and the boys hopped back on the bus.

As we say, Billygate may or may not draw presidential blood. It has already wasted precious time.

■ Talk about a GOP Senate takeover is just that—talk. The numbers aren't there, what with several GOP-held seats in jeopardy (e.g., Bellmon of Oklahoma, Schweiker of Pennsylvania, Javits of New York). But one doesn't have to leap forward to 1982 to savor the possibilities of a GOP comeback. Take the Budget Committee, as a hopeful example. At the moment, it's split 12 to 8 in favor of the Democrats. When Muskie was in the chair, the leadership position prevailed on almost every show-down issue. Under new chairman Fritz Hollings, a more conservative force,

the division is closer: on energy-sensitive issues, for instance, the committee falls 11 to 9, one way or the other. With a pickup of four seats this November, the GOP would gain a ninth vote in committee, with the Democrats falling to eleven. Under the cautious Hollings, the Budget Committee might cease to be part of the problem, could conceivably become part of the solution.

On the Senate floor, for another example, those four new GOP votes could make a major difference. On down-and-dirty cloture votes, Howard Baker and Ted Stevens, the GOP leaders in the Senate, can muster 37 to 39 conservative votes. With 41 votes to deploy, the GOP would be able to defeat cloture motions and the minority would regain the use of a potent parliamentary weapon—the filibuster.

Incremental gains (short of a GOP majority) are important in another way. It seems likely that the next Congress will write the ground rules under which future federal elections will be conducted. In 1976, you'll recall, PACs made their tentative appearance on the political scene, the offspring of "reform" legislation. Most of the corporate PACs played it safe, larding out money evenhandedly to friend and foe, challenger and incumbent. In 1978, the PACs tiptoed out of the closet; some friends were rewarded, some foes punished. This year, it's hardball. The PACs aren't buying access, they're buying votes. (Organized labor, which has been doing the same thing for years, is appalled.) Thus the question for the new Congress: Will the Left have sufficient votes to legislate corporate money out of national politics?

■ We have waited eight years for the definitive characterization of the Watergate mentality. At last it arrives, courtesy of G. Gordon Liddy, best-selling author and sometime fleshburner. Seems that the irrepressible Liddy took a troupe of callow Nixon aides to the National Archives to screen one of Liddy's favorite propaganda pieces—Leni Riefenstahl's classic film on the Nazi rallies in Nuremberg. As the powerful film ended, there was a moment of hushed silence, then a voice from the back of the room: "Jesus, what an advance job!"

■ Admirers of Jacob Javits, of whom there are many in this town, are deeply concerned about the GOP senator's health. He has a progressive nerve disorder, comparable to what laymen call "Lou Gehrig's disease." The prognosis is not good, we hear, but the veteran campaigner has plotted a flat-out, full-speed race for re-election. One recalls, sadly, the final years of Eastland and McClellan, when the bad days came to outnumber the good. One hopes that Javits's record, which is notable for its energy and probity, as well as for its philosophical shortcomings, will not be similarly marred.

■ Yes, we have read all of that nonsense about John Anderson throwing the presidential race into the House. Apocalyptic visions abound. Relax. It ain't going to happen. The Anderson campaign, which can't find an issue, a party, or even a vice presidential candidate, is going nowhere. Signs of terminal flakery are already visible.

—CATO

trict in Waltham, Massachusetts which gave Carter a landslide victory over Ford in 1976, they found . . . a massive shift away from Carter and the Democrats: Reagan 37, Carter 12, Anderson 22. That isn't a Reagan landslide, but in a formerly solid Democratic district it looks as if school's out.

■ Ross Terrill is hard to figure. The Australian China expert, currently at Harvard, used to stick up for Mao's regime (as in his book *The 800,000,000*) with perverse and daring brilliance. Scorning the pretense that China was free, he simply called in question the definition of freedom: Professor P'u Chih-lung, whose avocation was pure science, "did not make his own decision to take up the problem of insect pests—it was

handed him. Is that wrong?" The implication being, of course, that tyranny was just another bit of local color. Well, today China is vigorously de-Maoizing. Is Terrill taking it hard? Not at all. In recent articles and interviews he has applauded the new trend, remarking scornfully on the residue of "ultraleftism" and the "absurd degree of Marxist central planning." "There is," he recently told Jeffery Hart, "a great deal more freedom today than before, in all sorts of ways. In the theater, in the movies more than in printed matter." We used to think Terrill was an ideologue. Now we're starting to think absolutely anything that happens on the Mainland is fine by him.

■ The same week that the Carter Administration offi-

cials lined up to testify against tax cuts for the ailing U.S. economy. Vice President Mondale was off in Africa promising more U.S. aid for oil-rich Nigeria. What we have here is another triumph of ideology over politics. Senate Democrats didn't think it was helpful, just a few months before an election, to find room in the U.S. budget for everyone except the U.S. taxpayer. After seeing polls that showed, for the first time in anyone's memory, that voters preferred congressional Republicans to Democrats, Senate Finance Committee Chairman Russell Long announced before the National Press Club that the Senate was going to pass a tax cut before the election.

■ **Darth Vader** never had it so good. The Soviet laser program, headquartered in the Kazakhstani city of Saryshagan, is thought to be close to perfecting a ground-based laser weapon capable of picking off satellites three thousand miles above the earth. A space station (weighing more than 200,000 pounds, according to *Aviation Week and Space Technology*) is planned for the 1990s; if mounted with anti-satellite laser weapons, it would be able to destroy American spacecraft as far as 28,000 miles away. More than satellites are at stake: the American craft form a crucial part of the warning system against incoming ballistic missiles. If the Soviets ever blind them before a first strike, there goes the neighborhood.

■ **ANDERSON WATCH.** On the campaign trail, both at home and abroad, John Anderson continues to speak his mind. In a recent interview Anderson enlivened the Dismal Science with metaphor: "By economic planning, I mean identifying more precisely than we ever have before those things we have to do as a nation to pull up our economic socks." At a press conference in London, Anderson was asked what he thought of the Brandt Commission's recent report about the equatorial split between rich and poor nations. "Of course we must take note of this," he averred, "and there is even a North-South dimension to the East-West problem." Such utterances may explain why David Garth, Anderson's campaign manager and media whiz kid, is stressing Anderson's personality over his ideas.

■ **Fat Jap fans! Nattering Nabob of Negativism buffs!** Now you can obtain the unexpurgated gubernatorial papers and pronouncements of Spiro T. Agnew, which have just been published by the Maryland Department of Public Works. Ten bucks for the two-volume set, and a bargain it is.

■ The Administration's "war" on inflation continues with the announcement of higher federal price supports for major grain crops, to raise the price of bread,

beef, pork, chicken, cereals, pasta, oils, milk, eggs, cheese, pastry, and other products Americans can do without if they don't like federal policies.

■ The second World Conference of the United Nations Decade for Women has concluded in Copenhagen, where the ladies had assembled to discuss "worldwide oppression of women." Now, pay attention. When the delegate from Egypt rose to lament the plight of Palestinian women, the PLO walked out. When the delegate from Pol Pot's government reached the podium, the Eastern Bloc walked out. When the Western nations proposed a resolution to condemn "genital mutilation," the Third World nations told them to mind their own business. Bulgaria, bless her, lent an air of sanity to the proceedings by condemning "attempts made by imperialism, hegemonism, and reaction to undermine the achievement of the April Revolution of the Afghan people, to whip up slanderous campaigns against the Soviet Union and the international assistance it renders to the Afghan people."

■ **THE VOICES OF MODERATION RIDE AGAIN.** The line is forming on the left. Writing in the *Washington Post*, the displaced British journalist Henry Fairlie calls "Reaganites . . . exactly those who in Germany gave the Nazis their main strength and who in France collaborated with them and sustained Vichy." An obscure congressional staffer's letter to the *Washington Star* depicts two of Reagan's strategic advisors—namely the scholarly William Van Cleve and the ever prudent Edward Rowley—respectively as a Strangelove prototype and a self-revealed zealot for humiliating the Soviets, and shivers over a certain prospect for nuclear holocaust in the early sequel to a Reagan victory. The *Star* plays the letter big—with accompanying portraits that make the two normally jovial advisors look like Peter Sellers playing Sitting Bull. It makes one's flesh creep and blood run cold—and there are three more months of it ahead.

Rescuing the World-View

What we now see taking place in the Democratic Party and in much of the media is a huge doctrinal rescue operation. The liberal world-view can perhaps be rescued, but only by personalizing Carter's failure.

Thus Senator Kennedy has gone up and down the land calling Carter a "clone of Reagan," "really a Republican," and the most conservative President since Hoover. In fact, however, it's difficult to see just how, from their own standpoint, liberals have all that much to complain about where Carter's policies are concerned. Since 1976, according to criteria that they

themselves have laid down, Carter has done right well.

Consider foreign policy. Liberals have always hated the Shah of Iran. Carter remained, at best, passive while the Shah fell, and then apparently intervened to prevent the installation of a military regime. Liberals dislike military regimes when they are pro-Western, so these Carter moves in Iran certainly should have been a big plus for him.

Carter has, of course, used his so-called human rights policy to harass regimes in Chile, Brazil, and Argentina, which, though the most important nations in South America, have governments disliked by liberals.

Unlike LBJ, who intervened successfully in the Dominican Republic, Carter has remained passive in the Caribbean and in Central America while Marxist revolution has flourished. Liberals ought to like that performance, as well as his attempts to court Castro.

Carter has been unfriendly toward South Korea, despite its vital importance to Japan, and he dumped Taiwan in a way calculated to do most damage to its morale and prestige.

Carter tried to appoint Ted Sorensen, a neo-pacifist, head of the CIA, he sent Paul Warnke to negotiate with the Russians on SALT II, which he continues to support, and he has said that he will unilaterally observe the provisions of SALT II even if the Senate refuses to ratify it. Carter has staffed middle-echelon positions at the State Department with McGovernites.

On the neutron bomb, Carter caved in to a psywar campaign orchestrated by the Kremlin, and canceled the U.S. project. He canceled the B-1 bomber and slowed down the Trident submarine project. He has presided over what might be called the Incredible Shrinking Navy.

Carter kept Andy Young at the United Nations long past the kamikaze point, and liberals can scarcely complain about his policies in southern Africa.

Unlike Nixon and Ford, who invited liberal wrath by impounding appropriated funds and vetoing numerous spending bills, Carter has been a veritable sluice gate for liberal-supported spending legislation. On top of that, he has created two huge new bureaucracies, the Department of Education and the Department of Energy. Are these things offensive to liberals? Through no fault of his own, Carter has not been able to nominate anyone to the Supreme Court, but on the basis of his appointments to the federal judiciary there is no doubt that he would appoint a Left-liberal if he could.

On social issues, Carter has been consistently liberal. He backs ERA and the federal funding of abortion. He backs quotas. He opposes any sort of voucher plan or any tax relief for patrons of private schools. He does this, and more, not because it's politically popular—it isn't—but because it's pleasing to liberals.

Tumbril Time?

With Waldheim and Arafat toasting;
With Europe the PLO's friend;
With Begin announcing a change of address
And Anwar Sadat near the end;
With all of this slippage occurring
Before the Convention has met,
The President's studying Louis XVI,
And Rosalynn, Marie Antoinette.

W. H. VON DREELE

On sober assessment, it's difficult to figure out what a President McGovern would have done differently. Yet Carter does not now find himself the beneficiary of liberal gratitude; far from it. Liberals are leading the way in the fight to dump him, or, failing that, tie a large enough can to his tail to keep him from having much chance in November.

The truth of the matter happens to be that Carter's generally liberal policies have failed both at home and abroad, often issuing in fiasco or disaster—and they have done so not primarily because of Carter's ineptitude, inept though he is, but because those policies reflect a liberal world-view that lacks congruence with reality. That is why, in order to save liberalism itself for yet another go-around, the liberals must blame Carter and personalize the whole dismal failure.

Reagan, Black Leaders, And Black Voters

What does Reagan have to offer the black voter? Nothing, at best; racism imperfectly disguised by geniality, at worst; thus spake the pundits (see p. 1042).

But in a speech to the National Urban League in New York, Reagan had quite a bit to say. "For too many people, conservative has come to mean anti-poor, antiblack, and antidisadvantaged. Perhaps some of you wonder whether a conservative really feels sympathy and compassion for the victims of social and economic misfortune. . . . If you think of me as the caricatured conservative, then I ask you to listen carefully and maybe you'll be surprised by our broad areas of agreement . . .

"The policies of the Democratic Party leadership during these past four years have produced the single most dangerous threat to black progress today: an economic recession. This is not to say that the Democrats have not promised black Americans an economic heaven. But while taking their votes for granted, they have produced almost the opposite."

Reagan went on to describe some of the aspects of the opposite: 14.2 per cent black unemployment; sinking ratios of black to white family income; inflation; soaring housing prices. Among the alternatives he offered was a Jack Kemp bill calling for the creation of urban "enterprise zones" in which property and business taxes could be cut by local officials.

Reagan's appeal to blacks, it turns out, is the same as his appeal to white blue-collar workers, the so-called "Wallace vote," though unlike Wallace's appeal there is not a racist inflection in it. The chief victims of economic collapse are not millionaires in Houston or Martha's Vineyard, or academic-government bureaucrats in Cambridge or Georgetown; they are middle- and low-income families. The Republican Party proposes, not to deliver homilies about "malaise," but to get the economy moving again. Tax cuts and hard money, rather than handouts and make-work boondoggles are the way to do it.

It is not an appeal likely to sweep black leaders off their feet. For decades, liberals seemed to be the only people interested in repealing Jim Crow laws. If the veterans of that struggle retain an irrational fondness for liberal economics, it is a perfectly understandable case of inertia. Black politicians may talk of the black vote being up for grabs, yet in their hearts most of them are no more ready to abandon liberalism than the average Indian, c. 1870, was likely to contemplate overthrowing the British Raj.

Reagan accordingly will be aiming over their heads. There are signs he may have some success. "My own

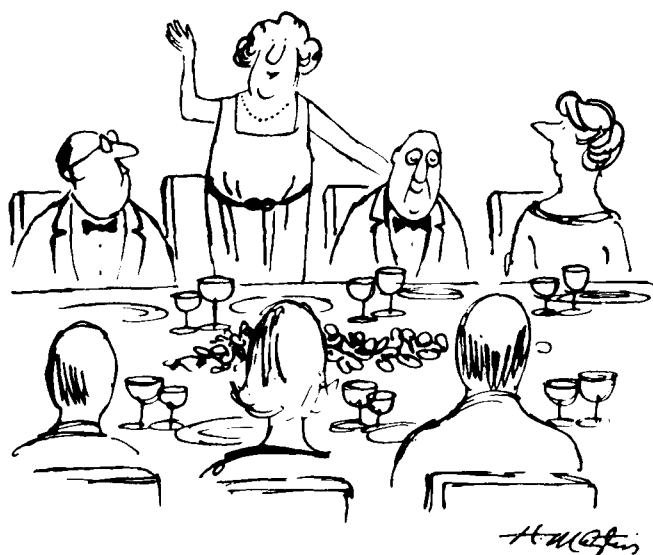
soundings," wrote columnist William Raspberry, "disclose a willingness among thoughtful, sophisticated blacks to give Reagan a try." Raspberry, himself black, went on to quote a friend: "What I want is some sort of policy that will benefit the masses, and the liberals aren't providing it. They feel pity for the poor, but the only thing they propose is more welfare-type solutions that only serve to cripple people. . . . I'm basically through with liberalism . . . liberalism that doesn't really respect us."

Not exactly a gush of love; nor the makings of a landslide. But enough to make Carter worry about the 90 per cent of the black vote he took in 1976.

Nationalism Marches On

The head of steam building up over the Israeli-occupied territories calls to mind Secretary of State Robert Lansing's misgivings noted down in 1918 just after President Wilson's embracing of national self-determination as a universal principle good for helping pacify the world. "Without a definite unit which is practical, application of this principle is dangerous to peace and stability," Lansing wrote. "The phrase," he went on, "is simply loaded with dynamite. It will raise hopes which can never be realized. It will, I fear, cost thousands of lives. In the end it is bound to be discredited, to be called the dream of an idealist who failed to realize the danger until too late to check those who attempt to put the principle in force. What a calamity that the phrase was ever uttered! What misery it will cause!" Lansing's all too modest list of places where the idea would make mischief specifically included Palestine. In that particular, as in his general anticipation of trouble, he was correct. In blaming Wilson as the cause of it all, he probably overdid, for the idea was probably one of those baleful ones whose time would have come anyway. About the anticipated discrediting, Lansing definitely erred. Self-determination is entrenched as the political absolute of world politics and provides a rallying point for both sides in virtually every going contest for dominion.

The Camp David process worked as between Israel and Egypt because self-determination was not an issue and otherwise has stalled because it is. In the name of self-determination, the General Assembly—by a vote of 112 to 7 with 24 abstentions—has resolved for a Palestinian state. By the same shibboleth, Israel, defying the General Assembly's sentiments, spurns statehood for Palestinians, and has proceeded—by an overwhelming vote in parliament—with formal annexation of disputed territory in East Jerusalem. The Israelis can probably count on incurring no action sterner than hand-wringing from the U.S. until after the election, anyway. President Carter presumably has his fingers



Martin, *Punch*

Rothco

"Quiet everybody. I think Norman has some extremely important observations to share with us regarding the moral climate of contemporary society as manifested in the frequently uprooted executive-level families of multinational companies."

crossed lest whatever bit of credit may still accrue to him for fostering Middle East peace should be eroded. Egypt's President Sadat is obviously on tenterhooks. Israel's opportunistic acquisitiveness forecloses Egypt from proceeding with parleying about Palestinian autonomy, but other considerations stand in the way of definitively breaking off the talks, for that formal step, besides being hurtful to President Carter's prestige at a critical time, would undercut Sadat's own standing as the exemplar of Arab moderation. So the head of steam goes on building up, and things may blow by year's end—a prospect that passes for normal for that area.

Loony Time-onomics

The *New York Times* editorial board has gone isolationist. After all those years of preaching the virtues and realities of an interdependent world, the *Times* wants to tax gasoline use out of existence so we can be independent of those misbehaving OPEC foreigners. The *Times* wants "an emergency conservation tax" of \$2 a gallon, which would jump the price of gasoline overnight by 160 per cent—a Draconian measure cavalierly advanced.

It has taken seven years, an embargo, wars, revolution, a series of price rises and a lot of inflation to get the nominal price of gasoline from 37¢ a gallon to the current \$1.25. Seven years is not forever, but it does give people some time in which to adjust. Whatever the case for a guaranteed income tax on gas, an overnight rise in the pump price of gasoline from \$1.25 to \$3.25, which is far above the market price that complete decontrol would bring, would do more than just cause a cut-back in gasoline use. It would inflict widespread wealth losses throughout society as the existing stock of automobiles lost most of its value overnight. And it would create windfall gains for the owners of small fuel-efficient cars, and for the Japanese and Europeans who manufacture them. American automakers, struggling to re-tool and change-over their lines, would be wiped out.

Next we will be reading on the editorial page of the *Times* a pitch for a new entitlement system to compensate for the disastrous effects of its tax proposals: Japanese and European car makers, whose products have instantly shot up in value as a result of the American tax, would have to pay entitlements to Detroit to subsidize the sale of the less fuel-efficient American product. And owners of small cars would have to pay entitlements to all those whose investments in gas guzzlers was wiped out before their cars were fully depreciated.

"Rarely," intones the *Times*, "is the sensible course for public policy so obvious."

Selective Disservice

Most young men don't want to get shot. Many who are now eligible for the draft under the new program come from social backgrounds that used to guarantee exemption. And there are those, more elderly, who fortify these natural reservations with more resounding principles.

To be sure, Ronald Reagan and most libertarians oppose the new program. What is disturbing about the preponderance of the protestors, however, is their evident sense that at this juncture in history there is nothing honorable about serving the nation militarily, no obligation of loyalty to make competing claims against those of personal freedom.

There is, of course, another strain. Interviewed on television, the Reverend Barry Lynn, of the Committee against Registration and the Draft, said he opposed the program because, inter alia, it may be used to support an "interventionist" foreign policy. He has, apparently, no great objection to the draft per se; no sense that it was iniquitous in the great war against fascism; only an opposition to the purposes to which it may be put next time. Those who don't share the Reverend Lynn's policy predilections, then, can disregard the bulk of his arguments.

"Nature teaches beasts to know their friends," says the poet; and it is entirely predictable that the whole hive of leftist organizations will come a-buzzing at every attempt to fortify the nation against the encroachments of the socialist bloc. Which casts more light on the rhetoric of personal freedom and privacy.

Meanwhile, most of the nation's eligible youths seem to be co-operating with the program without qualms. It would appear that in the global aftermath of our attempt to "give peace a chance," they, and their parents, are refusing to draw the prescribed liberal conclusions about the "lessons of Vietnam." They sense that next time around, losing a war won't be an option.

Quebec, U.S.A.?

The Hispanic population, located mainly in Florida, the Southwest, and the West, but with important enclaves elsewhere, either is now or will soon become our largest ethnic minority group, while blacks move down to Number Two.

Riding this demographic surge, Hispanic spokesmen and politicians have been applying increasing pressure for bilingual education and other bilingual services tailored to the needs of Spanish-speaking immigrants. Political pressure, legal action, and media campaigns have been brought to bear in support of demands for

bilingual teachers, textbooks, even ballots. The rationale for it all, however, contains an element of contradiction.

It is argued a) that such bilingualism is necessary to smooth the transition of Hispanics into American culture, and b) that it will help to preserve Hispanic cultural traditions.

What bilingualism threatens to do, however, is precisely impede and delay Hispanic assimilation to the wider American culture. The use of English represents a major unifying factor in this ethnically diverse nation. The public-school system came into being during the nineteenth century for the specific purpose of "Americanizing" successive waves of non-English-speaking immigrants—in particular, by teaching them English. Germans living in New York could speak German in their enclave of Yorkville if they wanted to, but in school, in business, and in public life they would speak English.

Quite possibly the strength of the Hispanic bilingual movement is related to the decline—the loss of nerve—of the once dominant WASP culture. That does not, however, make bilingualism a wise policy. The present internal difficulties of Canada make the point clearly enough.

Perhaps in the earliest grades, bilingual teaching might be justified as a bridge between the Hispanic home and the wider culture. But the language in the later grades and in the secondary schools ought to be English.

In the long run, bilingualism represents a disservice to the Hispanic child, and it is not in the interest of the United States.

Arrivederci, Moscow

You'd think it had been some kind of SALT treaty, the way the Soviets cheated at the Olympics.

A Soviet official moved a Cuban's discus from gold to bronze territory, Soviet athletes flashed wind signals to Soviet pole vaulters, and Soviet officials tried to slip a British decathlon star a wet and slippery discus. A large gate suddenly swung open in Lenin Stadium, providing a tail-wind for Soviet javelin throwers. Nadia Comaneci, the Rumanian gymnast, East German diver Falk Hoffman, and several non-Soviet triple-jumpers lost out to the home side when Soviet officials came up with highly questionable judgment calls. All this, of course, was in the well-known Soviet tradition of the rigged épée, the long-running basketball clock, and Ivan Steroids.

The Olympics were a huge success, too, in a people-to-people sense. Moscow was closed off and ringed with troops. There were more troops, cops, and agents in town than tourists and athletes. *Pravda* and *Izvestia*

repeatedly warned the locals against "spies" and ideological contamination and even warned that foreigners might try to give poisonous chewing gum to Soviet children. The whole spectacle was a triumph of goodwill and international understanding.

When a person in Red Square immolated himself, the Soviet cops knocked down tourists, seized cameras, and then denied officially that any fire had occurred.

But at least the United States did not lend its presence to this grotesquerie. And, come to think of it, the Moscow Olympics did reinforce understanding of Soviet behavior.

William J. Baroody, RIP

He was a sly old bird, with a sly smile, who found everything funny, but there was never any mistaking the gravity of his mission, which, highly contracted, was to serve one nation under God. His career was the archetypal success story, though it was not riches he sought, but other forms of satisfaction. His father was a Lebanese stonecutter. Young Baroody worked his way through St. Anselm's in New Hampshire, served in the Navy, and by 1954 had become the guiding spirit of the American Enterprise Institute, which he eventually headed, transforming it from an exiguous little outfit into one of the two serious think-tanks concerned with the survival of freedom, with an annual budget of \$8 million, whose work is respected not only by conservatives, but by liberals.

In his own way, Baroody was everywhere. "In his own way" here means—unobtrusively. The author of these words found himself, in 1963, at a hotel in Palm



"That's awfully nice, John, but I was going to ask you to be my running mate."

Beach with Baroody and four other gentlemen, including B. Goldwater, discussing strategy for 1964; at St. Anselm's delivering a Commencement address; at San Francisco (as recently as last spring) alongside Fr. Hesburgh and Abigail McCarthy, in case any incompatibility between Christianity and capitalism was pronounced. There were dozens he likewise deployed, and all of us were willing, because he combined a gentleness of manner with a resolution of purpose and a conciliator's good nature. Bill Baroody died at 64, but he left 37 grandchildren to carry on his work, and hundreds of thousands of others who, knowingly or unknowingly, will work harder, and more fruitfully, on his account, for one nation under God. WFB

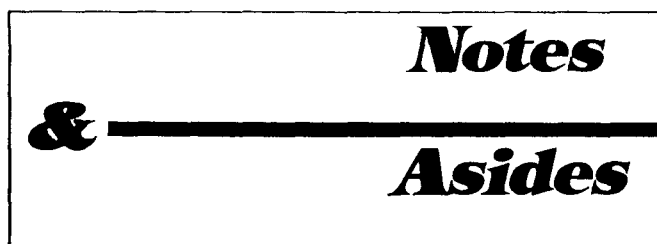
Hans J. Morgenthau, RIP

With his career as an administrative judge in the Weimar republic cut off by Hitler's accession, Hans J. Morgenthau took up teaching international relations—initially at a small Midwestern college for women and subsequently at the University of Chicago and other major institutions. He wrote prodigiously. The best among his many books was his first—*Scientific Man vs. Power Politics* (1946), a powerful critique of liberalistic rationalism as an approach to world affairs. His most lucrative work was *Politics Among Nations* (five editions, 1948 to '73). Still much in vogue, it epitomizes Morgenthau's persistent endeavor, implicitly at variance with the outlook in *Scientific Man vs. Power Politics*, to construct a comprehensive theory around such core concepts as power and national interest. Logically examined, Morgenthau's postulate of power as the universal motivator is like saying people play poker in order to hold good cards, and his concept of national interest reduces to a truism. Whatever the logical shortcomings, Morgenthau's talent for sorting complexities into *abc* order impressed undergraduates in the hundreds of thousands. Old hands among practitioners in the field sometimes said Morgenthau's methods lent the subject matter greater clarity than warranted by the perversities and ambiguities of world affairs, but none doubted the range of his erudition and the resonance of his prose.

Kenneth Tynan, RIP

Only 53, Kenneth Tynan succumbed, last month, to pulmonary emphysema. His death relieved good men and bad playwrights everywhere. Never content to be merely the best and wittiest drama critic of his generation, he was an evangelical purveyor of perversities—obscurity, which he never managed to endow with the wholesome ribaldry he claimed for it, and Social Jus-

tice, whose failure to materialize never moved him to give its avatars a bad review. But when he wrote for the theater, he wrote for the gods. Like a great warrior, he was both merciless and generous. Of a hapless production of *King Lear*, overwhelmed by its own acoustics and sound effects, he wrote that watching it was "like lip-reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning." He could ungallantly bruise the shins of Edith Evans by finding her Cleopatra redolent of tea and cucumber sandwiches. But he could soar sublimely in praise of an Olivier, or for that matter Donald Wolfit, without losing a whit of his bracing accuracy. His *New Yorker* profiles of entertainers as disparate as Johnny Carson and Ralph Richardson reveal his huge capacity for sportive appreciation. Nothing he wrote would seem to be of permanent interest; but whoever happens on his prose, between now and Doomsday, will find good company.



■ Dear Bill:

Thanks so much for writing about "The Fleecing of America."

I am indeed tempted to take one of those exhilarating flights into anarchism and I have proposed abolishing the SBA, the LEAA, the ICC and that we should follow a policy of abolishing one department a year and one agency a month.

What we need is organized anarchism.

Sincerely,
Bill [William Proxmire]
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

■ My dear Mr. Buckley:

The enclosed article from the *New York Post* ["Happy hookers/Flocking in to/Charm Dems! . . . Thousands of prostitutes from all over the country will flood the city during the Democratic Convention this summer—and they will be charging twice as much for their services . . ."] has confused me a great deal in terms of underlying economic theory and I would be most appreciative if you could help me. Although I took a few courses in economics at Columbia Graduate School of Business, I have difficulty coming to grips with current theory.

The facts are these, as outlined in the accompanying article:

1. Fifty thousand ladies of the evening are being

added to New York's current staff of 100,000 in order to accommodate the Democratic Convention;

2. Somewhat "more than twenty thousand delegates, alternates, and their families are expected in Manhattan for the four-day event (i.e., the Democratic Convention)";

3. The young ladies are apparently expecting to charge twice the normal amount for their services.

Am I missing something? Economic theory as I understand it would lead me to believe that with supply increasing by 50 per cent and with apparent demand increasing by a much smaller percentage, price increases on the order of 100 per cent would be well nigh impossible.

Certain explanations suggest themselves but do not completely explain what appears to me an anomaly. First, it is possible that the Democrats' propensity to consume such services will further inflate demand. However, even a Democrat's appetite for such services must have its limitations. It has also been suggested that the young ladies are in fact Republicans. However, Republicans still pretty much adhere to a free-market philosophy and therefore I find difficulty in accepting this explanation. Finally, it is possible that the young ladies in question might, like OPEC, carefully ration their supplies. However, this explanation also seems to me to fly in the face of most economic, not to mention human, experience.

Not being conversant with the new economics in the post-Keynesian mold, I am perhaps missing an important *ceteris paribus*. Please furnish me with whatever light your staff can shed on this conundrum while I remain perplexed but,

Sincerely yours,
Robert W. Radsch CFA
New York, N.Y.

Political Statuary

They tore down Cecil Rhodes the other day;
Blacks flogged the statue lying on the ground.
It didn't cause inordinate dismay
Or raise a ripple in the British pound.
So many have been toppled and de-crowned
The spectacle's regarded as a bore;
Psychologists affirm it's very sound
To let the natives even up the score.
We toppled George the Third, and there'll be more:
Victoria herself may not endure.
When she and Albert join in melted ore
Can any system call itself secure?
Yet Stalin still stands tall in countless squares,
Though Magyars have a story for their heirs.

W. H. VON DREELE

Dear Mr. Radsch: Could it be that Democratic delegates are presumptively diseased?
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have been trying to locate a copy of Whittaker Chambers's *Cold Friday*, published in 1964 by Random House, without success. If any of your readers has an extra copy, or a copy he is willing to sell, I'll appreciate his contacting

R. Lee Ware Jr.
57 Harvard Street
Winchester, Maine

■ Dear Bill:

Are you still interested in Jane Chords, concerning which Hugh Kenner enlightened you, and most of us, about seven years ago? After repeatedly forgetting to do it, I have finally checked *The Gulag Archipelago*. Reverberating across all three volumes and 1,900 pages, from the author's preface to the first volume to his post-postscript in the third, are the words "In/homage." I realize that that may not cause the heart of the author of the incomparably majestic "Herewith/light" to skip a beat; but still, not bad for a furriner.

All good wishes,
Joe [Rehyansky]
Charlottesville, Va.

■ Dear Bill:

C-H-I-C-K-E-N

You should have gone. And they should have listened. I can't believe that Vassar has become so fossilized. But it would have been good for each side—for them to be captivated by the magic and majesty of words and for you to observe the foibles of humankind—especially those in the cloister of academia. (Note, since I don't teach English Composition I do not worry about Sentence Structure.)

In truth, I had a similar experience at Wesleyan last year and after much anguish decided to give it a try. I never had as much fun with a speech, included a few Buckley-type bon-mots, and still get fan mail about my coup.

Anyway, take comfort. In an election year better you should be shot down by the poisoned serpent in the Daisy Chain than brother James. The Connecticut voters would never understand.

Cheers,
Ella [Grasso]
Governor
Hartford, Conn.

Dear Ella: Your presence in the State House is proof that Connecticut voters are capable of misunderstanding. Love,

Bill
—WFB

The Current WISDOM



A Letter From Camp

NEAL B. FREEMAN

Pleasantville, N. Y.

Dear Bill:

Now hold on. I know what you're thinking. You're saying to yourself, "Now what's that silly bastard doing in a place called Pleasantville when we're paying him to slap shoe leather on the sidewalks of Washington? How are we supposed to cover this humongous campaign when our Washington guy has gone AWOL?" Well, give me a chance to explain, Bill. Even a President's brother gets that much consideration, right?

For openers, would you believe that Old Dutch is expected to make a surprise appearance here any minute and that we—you, I, and our thousands of readers—have the damn thing exclusively? No? Well, would you believe that I tried to clear this trip but you were busy on the phone with Kissinger and I couldn't get through? No? Well, would you believe that I just knew that you of all people, a guy who's made a lot of gutsy calls in his time, would want to jump on a hot story like this? No? Well, would you believe that I am a hopeless, head-over-heels New York Giants fan, that training camp has opened, and that I just can't stay away?

A little background may be in order. (Excuse the presumption, but an incident from 15 years ago sticks in the mind. We were standing side by side, you and I, at a press conference at the Overseas Press Club in New York. You were there to announce your candidacy for Mayor, I to field incredulous inquiries from the press. You had difficulty recognizing the name of an allegedly prominent New Yorker and whispered to me: "Who is this Mickey Mantle?" I have suspected ever since that your knowledge of the sports world is concentrated most heavily in the area of yacht racing.) By way of background, then: the Giants are a professional football team, which is to say that the play-

ers are paid for their services. It is not necessarily to say that the team performs at a level of consistent excellence. As a matter of cold statistical fact, the Giants are coming off a losing season. Dogged research, to which some masochistic fans are given, will reveal that the Giants are always coming off a losing season. Indeed, there is not a single player on the current squad who has ever played on a winning Giant team.

Classic free-market analysis would suggest that the Giants are in trouble: If a team is a loser on the field, it should, logically, be a loser at the cash register. Said analysis would be wrong. The Giants sell every ticket for every game every year. They even fill most of the rickety seats at their practice field when the team plods through its calisthenics. Hundreds of fans sitting in 90-plus degrees to watch a losing football team do sit-ups? Sounds a tetch eccentric, wouldn't you say?

EXPLAINING the relationship between the Giants and their fans is like explaining why fish fall in love. It would require—over Senator Proxmire's prostrate body—a federal grant. A few characteristics of that relationship are clearly visible, however, and may begin to explain why I have never met a Giant fan who is, simultaneously, a practicing liberal.

Nowhere is equality of opportunity more unshakably established. Credentials count for nothing; performance is everything. It matters not if you played for a Wookie team at the University of Hoth. If you can play, you're in; if you can't, you're out. And there's no bureaucratic ambiguity about the end of the line. The Turk, as he's called, stalks the players' dorm each night, whispering to the fearful few, "Coach wants to see you." The players gather up their playbooks and stumble off to face the

inevitable. No golden handshake, just a hook of the thumb. They will be gone from camp by dawn, non-persons by mealtime.

The coaches' favorite device for separating the men from the gorillas is something called the Nutcracker Drill. (Yes, that's right. Named after the well-known musical piece.) Nothing fancy here. Two men who want the same job are lined up opposite each other. When the signal is given everybody gets to see who wants the job more. This is not a multiple choice test: one man comes out, literally, on top. The other fellow gets the back of his uniform grass-stained. He is also treated to a heavenly chorus of bells inside his helmet.

When the final cuts are made, when the opening-day roster is complete, an atmospheric change moves in. The players sense it, the coaches acknowledge it and the owners—a paternalistic, devoutly Catholic family by the name of Mara—encourage it. The players have competed against each other and they have prevailed, they have proved something to themselves. Now they must come together as a team, as a family, and prepare to face the common enemy. This thing called a team is a gossamer psychological webbing and the master coaches are those expert in its light-fingered manipulation. In a game of violence played by huge, iron-pumping men, it is often the subtle relationships between coach and player, teammate and teammate, that governs the team's development.

When all of the pieces fall into place—when the players learn to believe first in themselves and then in each other—it is a bloody marvel, a long, weary, wonderful passage from scratchy blackboard diagrams to the sweet shower harmony after an intrasquad scrimmage. I suspect that even Gloria Steinem would understand. It's a matter of brothers and sisters. NBF

P.S. Marvin Powell says hello. He plays for the Giants' crosstown rivals, the Jets, and says that you're the man he most admires in public life. That's okay by me. Marvin has, as they say at camp, good size. He stands 6'5" and weighs, oh, 265. I'm thinking of taking him along next time I'm invited for drinks at Gore's.

P.P.S. Send money. □

The Forgotten Ones

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

IT HAPPENED at this time of the year, forty years ago. On August 3, 1940, the Baltic states were granted admittance to the USSR. They had not asked for this privilege, except through "elections" held under duress in mid-July. On June 15, Soviet forces had occupied Lithuania, moving into Estonia and Latvia two days later. The Soviets thus had about four weeks to soften up the populations before herding them to the polls.

A subsequent four decades of forced incorporation into the Soviet empire have not extinguished the fire of Baltic resistance to tyranny. In Riga (in occupied Latvia) 17 sportsmen have congratulated those who refused to take part in the Moscow Olympics and denounced Lord Killanin of the International Olympic Committee for not acknowledging the simple truth that all Soviet sportsmen are professionals.

A more juridical statement has come from 45 Balts (mostly Lithuanians) calling for the formal annulment of the Nazi-Soviet Pact of August 23, 1939, secret clauses of which "justified" the Soviet annexation of the Baltic states. Some 35,000 signatures were collected in Lithuania in support of the statement.

Are such gestures futile? Not to those who make them. Nor are they isolated instances. On Christmas Eve last year, schoolchildren in Tartu (Estonia) sang patriotic songs, banned by the Soviet authorities. They gathered in St. Mary's cemetery, and placed candles on the grave of a hero of the Estonian war of independence, Lulius Kuperjanov.

Last December, 16 Lithuanians and three Estonians sent an appeal to Brezhnev in his capacity as Soviet President, to Rudenko, the Soviet Procurator, and to Amnesty International, to protest a wave of arrests, interrogations, and trials of Balts on allegations of disseminating anti-Soviet literature.

In January and February, two leading members of the Lithuanian Helsinki Monitoring Group were arrested, and indeed a particularly fierce KGB crackdown on Lithuanian dissidents has been in progress since early January.

On February 24 of this year, courage-

ous adults raised the banned Estonian national flag over Tallinn railway station.

Anybody who doubts the colonial nature of the Soviet occupation should look at the ethnic and demographic figures. In the twenty years between two censuses (1959 and 1979), the proportion of Estonians living in their own country fell from just over 74 per cent to a shade over 64 per cent, while the number of Russians *doubled*.

Soviet Colonialism

In Latvia, the degree of forced Russification and Sovietization is even worse. The 1979 census showed that only 53.7 per cent of the population were Latvians, whereas in the 1935 census, when Latvia was independent, the figure was 75.5 per cent. In recent times, up to twenty thousand non-Latvians have poured into the country each year, and if the trend continues Latvians will be a minority in their own country. Already they constitute less than half the population in the five largest towns.

A matter for specific shame is that some of the large industrial concerns in Latvia, the building and manning of which provide the excuse for Russification, were built with the help of Western expertise and credits. For example, Occidental Petroleum of Los Angeles helped build a chemicals complex at Ventspils, and Courtaulds, a synthetic fibers plant at Daugavpils.

The ruthless Soviet exploitation of Latvia has paid off handsomely, in Soviet terms. With only 1 per cent of the total population of the USSR, Latvia produces half of all its motorcycles, 40 per cent of its milking machines, 33 per cent of its railroad rolling stock, 23 per cent of its streetcars, 18 per cent of its washing machines, 16 per cent of its diesel motors and generators, and nearly half of all telephone receivers and switchboards.

Sovietization has not gone anywhere like as far as that in Lithuania, where, as of last year, 80 per cent of the population were still Lithuanians. The fact that persecution and repression are worse there than elsewhere may well be

due to the fierce spirit of nationalism fostered by the remarkably strong and active Roman Catholic Church.

How distant "Captive Nations Week" now seems! For readers too young to remember it, it was proclaimed by President Eisenhower on July 17, 1959, and it called upon the American people to "study the plight" of countries under the domination of "imperialistic and aggressive" Soviet Communism during the week starting July 19. Ike also, be it remembered, signed a congressional resolution providing for annual observance of Captive Nations Week, and calling on the U.S. President to make a similar proclamation each year until independence and freedom had been achieved for all captive nations.

Three New Captives

Since detente and President Carter's speech calling on his people to abandon their "inordinate fear of Communism," such sentiments have become unfashionable. Indeed, as James Burnham observed nearly five years ago, the policy of striving for the liberation of captive nations was buried, for all practical purposes, at a meeting of American ambassadors in London, in December 1975, which resulted in the "Kissinger-Sonnenfeldt Doctrine." Henceforth, the U.S. was to work to make the plight of peoples under the Soviet yoke more agreeable, while leaving the yoke where it was. Trade and credits to the Soviet Union would help to make that country peaceful and prosperous, so that it ceased to be threatening and adopted moderate policies.

Could anything be more abject? Since then, the Soviets have had trade and credits aplenty (though less, perhaps, from the U.S. than they may initially have hoped for). The results have included a number of new captive nations, among them Ethiopia, South Yemen, and Afghanistan.

Let us reflect on these matters as we rejoice at the nomination of Ronald Reagan and George Bush on an impressive Republican ticket; and as we remember the plight of the Baltic peoples, the first of the captive nations. □

THE BACKGROUND

In Brazil, John Paul II was faced with a country where the church is in disarray. While its religious faith is strong, its religious practice is lax—a problem not viewed as a problem by many of its clergy

Brazil and the Pope

ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

THE POPE has had tremendous impact on every country he has visited; but to understand why this was especially so for Brazil, and why this trip was of lasting significance for the Church throughout Latin America, one must look not merely at John Paul's character and outlook but at the special situation of Brazil and its relationship with the Church.

The Portuguese, who colonized the country, are far more flexible, less fanatical, more easily given to compromise than are the Spaniards, who colonized the rest of the continent; less insistent on principle, more humane, but also more emotional and far more open to seduction. (There is a larger proportion of African than Indian blood in the veins of many Brazilians.) Brazil's separation from the motherland did not result from a revolution, as happened in the Spanish colonies; the Portuguese prince acting as regent in Brazil simply declared the colony independent. The new dynasty lasted from 1822 until 1888, and Brazil, alone within Latin America, still has solid monarchist sentiments. The memory of the Bragaça dynasty forms part of the national patrimony.

Finally, a liberal-leftist conspiracy of officers infected with the intellectual heritage of August Comte's positivism overthrew the monarchy, putting an end to "Throne and Altar." The Church has had to stand on her own feet since then, but there is no anti-clericalism. However, the Church in Brazil is riddled with contradictions. The faith is strong but religious practice is lax—millions are still devoted to pagan rituals. Only once in my life could I not fight my way to the Communion rail, so dense was the congregation, and that was in Belo



Horizonte; but some churches are deserted. There are numbers of Catholic universities, Catholic associations and clubs, Catholic intellectuals; but there is a dreadful lack of vocations. Brazilians want to enjoy life and are rarely inclined toward sacrifice; austerity is left to the "Protestants." Whatever one says about the Catholic Church in Brazil will be both right and wrong.

As for politics, the military dictatorship in Brazil might feel great relief in handing the impossible burden of ruling such an anarchic country over to the "forces of democracy," but it cannot in good conscience do so. Brazil is not ready for democracy. The economic situation is grave and so are the social problems. There is an enormous gap be-

tween rich and poor. In addition, the Brazilian bishops, a motley crew, have recently discovered an added problem: "internal colonialism," i.e., the dominance of the smaller, richer south over the larger, impoverished north. Climate and geography account for some of this—the northeast has real deserts—but the main reason is that the south between Rio and the border of Uruguay was settled by Germans, Italians, and Japanese, accustomed to dealing with modern industry. In recent years, especially, they have built up quite an industrial empire with São Paulo, Porto Alegre, and Curitiba as centers, cities which John Paul II visited.

Living standards have not declined in the north (except in a few spots); what has happened is that they have vastly improved in the south. There, opportunities are great—I would say even greater than in the United States for those with stamina, intelligence, a readiness to work hard, to save, and to invest wisely. Brazil is a country of the newly rich from every layer of society.

There is also tremendous poverty. In and around the cities, both north and south, are the *favelas*, large areas of miserable huts teeming with people, mostly colored. When Dom Hélder Câmara was Suffragan Bishop of Rio, he initiated a program to transfer these unfortunates to modern buildings. Alas, large parts of the donated funds went into the pockets of the organizers, and the transferred *favela*-dwellers did not like their new abodes at all. They sold the fixtures—bathtubs, lavatories, even doors and windows—and returned in droves to their unsanitary but cozy dwellings. In a brilliant, well documented article in the Jesuit monthly *Etudes*

some time back. L. Parisse described the *favelas* and finally asked what should be done about them. His answer was simple: absolutely nothing. These people, he concluded, have to evolve from their present state and this could take a very long time. (Nor is *Etudes* a reactionary periodical.)

Brazil has a powerful Left, which today works mostly underground. It nearly took over the country in 1964 with João Goulart as president. The military coup that overthrew Goulart was initiated (as was the one in Chile that overthrew Allende) by demonstrating housewives. Goulart was ousted in short order, but the social problems that the Left had been protesting continue to rack the country. The Left's answer to them is radical redistribution, but this—and this is an important point—would destroy the upper layers of society while scarcely benefiting the masses. Latin America's problem is one of *production*, and for this managers, technicians, accountants, traders, bankers, and dedicated civil servants are needed.

By and large, Catholic intellectuals, as I recently reported [*NR*, May 2, 1980], are ill-instructed in economics. Unfortunately (and I *mean* unfortunately) we have too many Catholic sociologists and too few Catholic economists. Because of this painful lack, Marxist and other leftist ideas have made the greatest inroads on Catholic "social" thought in recent years.

To make matters worse, the Church in Latin America (as Professor Frederick B. Pike pointed out in a brilliant article in the *Review of Politics*) has neglected to preach the natural virtues—the will to work, to save, to be honest, responsible, and chaste—with grave results. The evangelical sects and even the Communists have done so while the Catholic Church was stressing the marginal aspects of religion.

Then came Vatican II and the confusion created not by the Council as such, but by those *periti* (and certain uninvited theologians) whose notion of an "opening toward the world" was simply to open *all* the doors and windows of the Church and to let in the fashionable secular currents. The result was an anti-metaphysical upheaval which gave rise to relativism, libertinism, secularism, and, last but not least, Marxism. In Latin America even more of the Church swung left than in Europe, and

this reaction was so alarming precisely because the Latin American Church had been *so* conservative.

This about-face made itself felt in all domains—social, moral, and theological. Suddenly there were priests who became guerrilla fighters and took to the hills. Others engaged in savage urban terrorism. (The saddest case in Brazil was when the Dominicans of São Paulo gave asylum to the notorious terrorist Marighela. The police got wind of this and forced the Dominicans to lay a trap for him. He was killed. You can imagine the contempt heaped on these monks from Right and Left alike.) You would never guess by looking at Latin America that there is a strict Vati-

expect because of the old tale about the Church always siding with the rich. (This legend is particularly unfounded in Brazil where the priests practically never come from the higher social levels.)

Reason number three is the aforementioned ignorance in economic matters, which is even worse in Brazilian Church circles than it is in Italy. This ignorance was exposed years ago by Roberto de Oliveira Campos, Minister of Planning in the government of Castelo Branco (1964-1967), who wrote about the *profundo desinformação clerical* in regard to economics, and especially the workings of a free-market economy. Socialism can be explained in about 15 minutes (even to a politician), but the

It is legitimate for the Pope to make appeals for a better life, but it is wrong to take them as a prescription of how it can be brought about

can prohibition against political activity on the part of priests, issued as a result of the bitter experiences of World War II and its aftermath. (One remembers the worker-priest experiment in France.)

In spite of the support of the masses, the Catholic Church in Brazil is in a serious crisis, heightened by three factors: first, the tendency of many Catholic bishops in Europe to send particularly obnoxious, troublesome, and pigheaded young priests to Latin America, and especially to Brazil, perhaps in the hope that there they will sober up and see the light. They rarely do, and the sight of so much "social injustice" only makes them go completely haywire. If they are also theologians they can do great damage. Consider, for example, Father Joseph Comblin, a French theologian who taught in the seminary of Recife under the patronage of Dom Hélder Câmara: his theology is worse than Hans Küng's.

The second reason for the leftward trend in the Church is the somewhat naive belief that if the Church were to attack the rich, the government, the army, the Establishment, it would take the wind out of the sails of the Left—a variation on the idiotic theory of "convergence"! And if the Left wins, so this theory goes, the Church will at least escape the persecution she might otherwise

free-market economy requires thorough study. Truth often cannot be put in a nutshell.

Thus John Paul II, in coming to Brazil, was faced with a country where the Church, though enjoying great prestige, is nevertheless in disarray. Confusion reigns in the field of theology as much as in the social sciences, and even in pastoral matters. The various communities with their individualistic rituals and customs are a matter of concern, as is the political engagement of the clergy, which frequently prevents it from attending to its primary tasks.

On this score the Holy Father was most emphatic, and one can only hope that his words will be heeded by the more progressive bishops—by Cardinal Paulo Evarista Arns (a Franciscan), Archbishop of São Paulo, by Cardinal Lorscheider (another Franciscan), Archbishop of Fortaleza, by Suffragan Bishop José Ivo Lorscheider of Porto Alegre, Secretary of the National Bishops' Conference, and, last but not least, by Dom Hélder Câmara, Archbishop of Recife. That delightful old man once told me that the economy of Yugoslavia ought to serve as a non-capitalist model for Brazil. He completely overlooked the fact that without Western aid and the massive influx of tourists, that country

would have collapsed economically a long time ago. (The clerical mind sometimes works along strange lines. I remember once telling a renowned European theologian that the most radical redistribution of wealth in Brazil would have no effect on the living standards of the poor, that the problem is one of production—and *envy*. “But, as a priest,” he interrupted me, “I must help remove the reason for envy, the occasion of sin!” “Imagine two sisters,” I replied, “one beautiful with many admirers, the other ugly and lonesome. Should we take a knife and scratch up the pretty one’s face?” He raised his hands in despair.)

It is interesting to compare the Pope’s utterances and his stand in Puebla with his pronouncements in Brazil, where he was a great deal more emphatic, partly because the ecclesiastical disorder is more marked in Brazil than in Spanish Latin America. Yet, the economist is at a loss to understand what the Holy Father thinks should be done to ameliorate Brazil’s poverty. His exhortation to state and society to take better care of the indigent masses, after all, calls for an economic rather than a social solution.

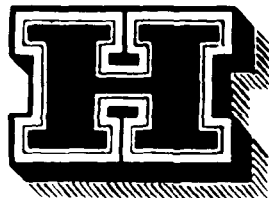
In 1972 Brazil’s GNP per capita was \$513. In other words: the cake is simply too small, so redistribution would change very little. The real question is this: How can a manufacturer or a farmer get the consumer to pay more for his product so that he is able to pay higher wages? The answer lies with the manager and, above all, with the technician and engineer, who must invent machines and manage the enterprises so that the individual worker will become more productive. (On the other hand, there is the concomitant problem of unemployment due to technological progress.)

These conundrums are, of course, not to be solved by theologians or by the pastoral activities of the Church. In fact, intelligent employers as a rule like to pay relatively high wages because they realize that the worker is consumer as well as producer. The problem facing “emerging economies” anywhere is how to raise production *and* consumption, wages *and* prices—but wages *more* than prices: an enormously difficult problem. It is legitimate for the Pope to make appeals for a better life, but it is wrong to take his remarks as a prescription of how this is to be brought about. He is *Papa* to the indigent masses, but, alas, he is not an economist. Poets, historians, diplomats, theologians, philoso-

phers, philologists, and librarians have occupied the papal throne, but so far, understandably but unfortunately, no financial expert.

Brazil’s ecclesiastical situation is further complicated because under Pius XII a large number of new dioceses were created, and with this proliferation the quality of the bishops suffered. (Several years ago substantial sums raised by the

logians, and young Catholic men who do not raise their eyes when talking to a woman—in fact everything under the sun is to be found there. God, says the oft-repeated proverb, is a Brazilian. For a real understanding of this fantastic country one should go to Vianna Moog’s *Bandeirantes and Pioneers*, which is as apt today as when it was written, 16 years ago. Moog compares Brazil to the



Hardly anywhere on this globe does one find so much confusion, disorder, and corruption—but also optimism, inner confidence, and hope

German Catholic organization *Adveniat* to support the Church in Latin America were lost: a few Brazilian bishops, believing that they could triple or quadruple the sum through clever speculations, lost everything. The scandal was considerable and could not be completely hushed up.)

Brazil is an enormous and a diverse country, larger than the continental United States; it has cities like São Paulo (three times the size of Chicago) with architecturally exciting skyscrapers, but it also has jungles whose Indians seem to know nothing about the Natural Law. Brazil has modern churches and buildings, amazing feats of engineering, first-rate artists and poets, emancipated theo-

United States—and the comparison is not favorable to Brazil. Yet he foresees a greater future for his country than for America.

Brazil is a country of great enthusiasms. Hardly anywhere on this globe does one find so much confusion, disorder, and corruption—but also optimism, inner confidence, and hope. John Paul must have felt this in his encounters with bishops and paupers, journalists and lepers. The “Servant of the Servants of God” has a keen mind: he is a true learner, the first genuine intellectual on the papal throne since 1903. But like every high official, he is dependent on sources, be they books, periodicals, or human advisors. He returns from his trips with very strong impressions, but these are usually facts, not their causes; the what, but not the why.

This last papal voyage was undeniably an immediate and colossal success. Will it have permanent effects? Difficult to say. Brazilians are emotional rather than reflective. The Pope, meanwhile, has a very open mind. Reviewing his great experience he probably will take a second look at Brazil—from a distance, which makes for greater clarity and opens up new perspectives. And this may lead him to employ top-notch economists from whatever religious background for expert advice on a subject that is infinitely more complex, controversial, and conjectural than theology. All this does not exclude the necessary aid of the Holy Spirit. A classic Catholic tenet insists that Grace presupposes nature, which it does not destroy, but supplements and perfects. And nature, in this case, is the brainpower of prominent non-Marxist economists. □



Memo to: interested NR readers

From: Jim McFadden

Re: how you can (just once -- right now) get a FREE copy of a book that will tell you all you want to know about one of the hottest '80 campaign issues

Abortion is now, without question, one of the most publicized issues in the 1980 Presidential Election campaign -- yet all too few Americans really understand how it happened, what's involved, or whether a workable solution is possible.

John T. Noonan's hard-hitting new book "A Private Choice: Abortion in America in the Seventies" illuminates this agonizingly tangled dilemma like no other available. Small wonder: Noonan is well-qualified to do the job. He is a noted constitutional scholar, a law professor (at the prestigious University of California, Berkeley) who has written -- he writes beautifully in a spare, no-nonsense style -- many books and articles on legal and social problems. Abortion is by no means the only subject on which he is expert, but he has made a special study of this highly-controversial socio-political issue, and presents it all here in a tightly-organized argument that you will find as fascinating as it is readable.

Now be warned that Dr. Noonan is against legalized abortion -- he makes no bones about that. But his comprehensive study is eminently fair in that it frankly describes the real situation, and the realistic possibilities for a solution to a moral problem that may have no equal in American history except slavery itself.

Thus even if you don't agree with his conclusions, you stand to learn more about why many support legalized abortion than from any other book you can find (admittedly, most others are simply partisan efforts, whereas this one is something very special indeed). And of course if you yourself oppose abortion-on-demand -- which, as Noonan makes indisputably clear, is the actual situation today -- this is the book you won't want to miss. As one reviewer put it, "A Private Choice" is the book both sides in the abortion argument will have to answer!

All you need do to get your own FREE and postpaid (another big savings nowadays) copy of this valuable book is to return the card facing this page today. You pay no more than the regular \$24 yearly rate. And you can get the book for either your new or renewal order (in the latter case, we'll be sure to add another 26 issues of NR, worth \$32.50 on the newsstands, to your current term, no matter when it is due to expire). So at a minimum you save the full \$11.95 retail price of the book, or almost exactly half the entire subscription price.

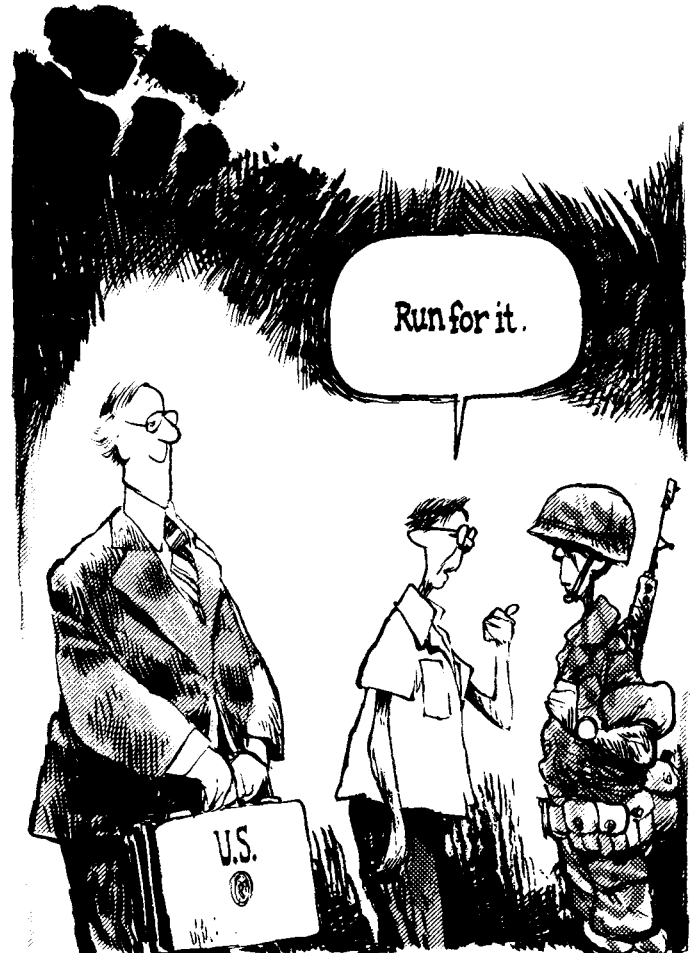
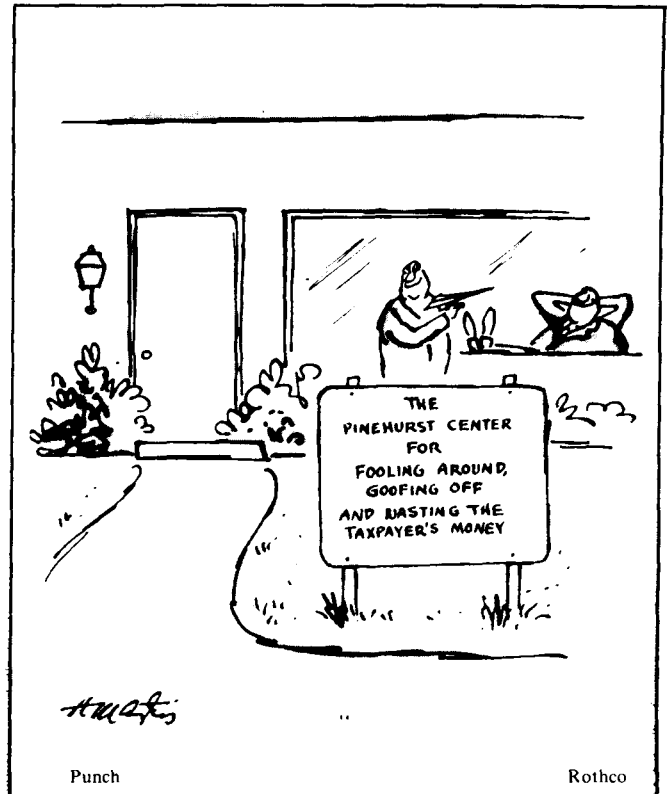
I hope you will consider this one offer you can't refuse -- and that you will take advantage of it immediately. We have no plans to make this special offer again. Frankly, we can't afford to do this kind of thing very often! We do it now because 1) the issue is so hot, and 2) we want our interested readers to get the very best book we can supply. So don't miss this unique (and money-saving) opportunity. Return the card today (offer good only while our strictly-limited book supply lasts.).

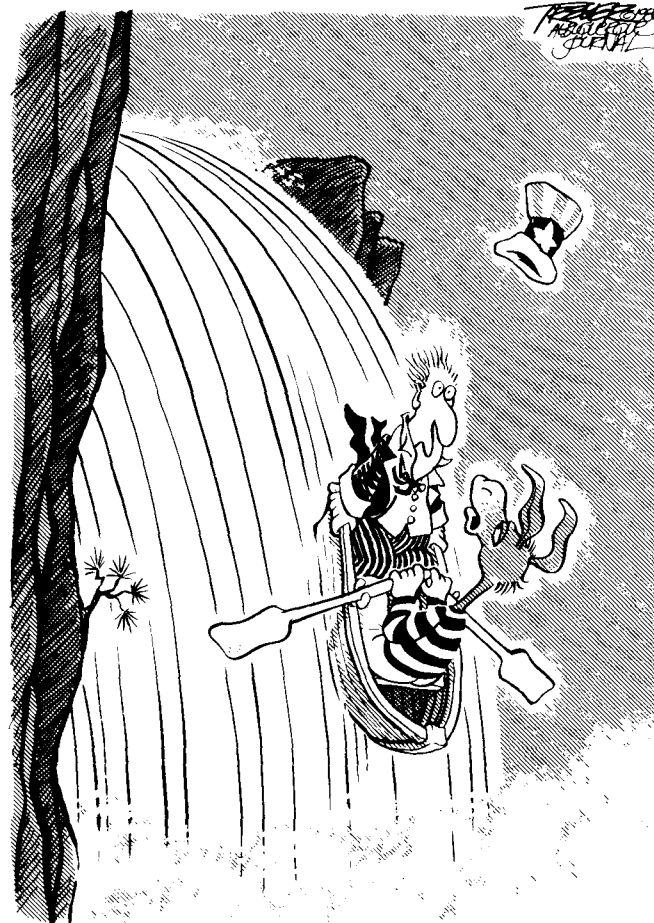
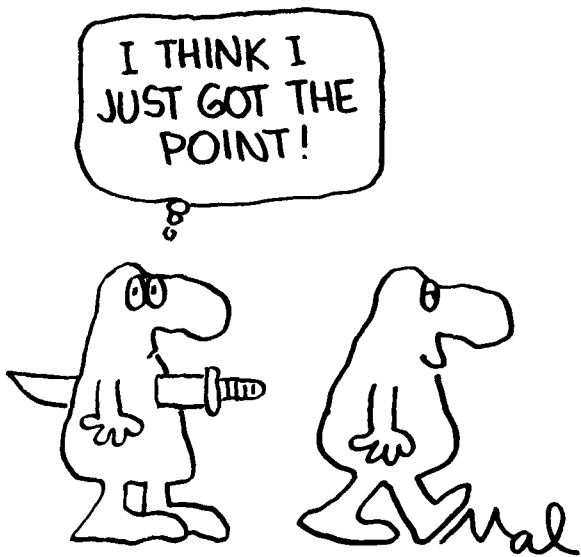
J.P.M.

The Upper Middle

Halfway between teatime and dinner,
At teeing off, tennis, or squash,
The upwardly mobile are hinting
That Ronnie and Nancy won't wash.
When pressed, they will wrinkle their noses
And sniff at "a Hollywood star."
They like to seem vaguely progressive
While living the life of a Czar.

W. H. VON DREELE

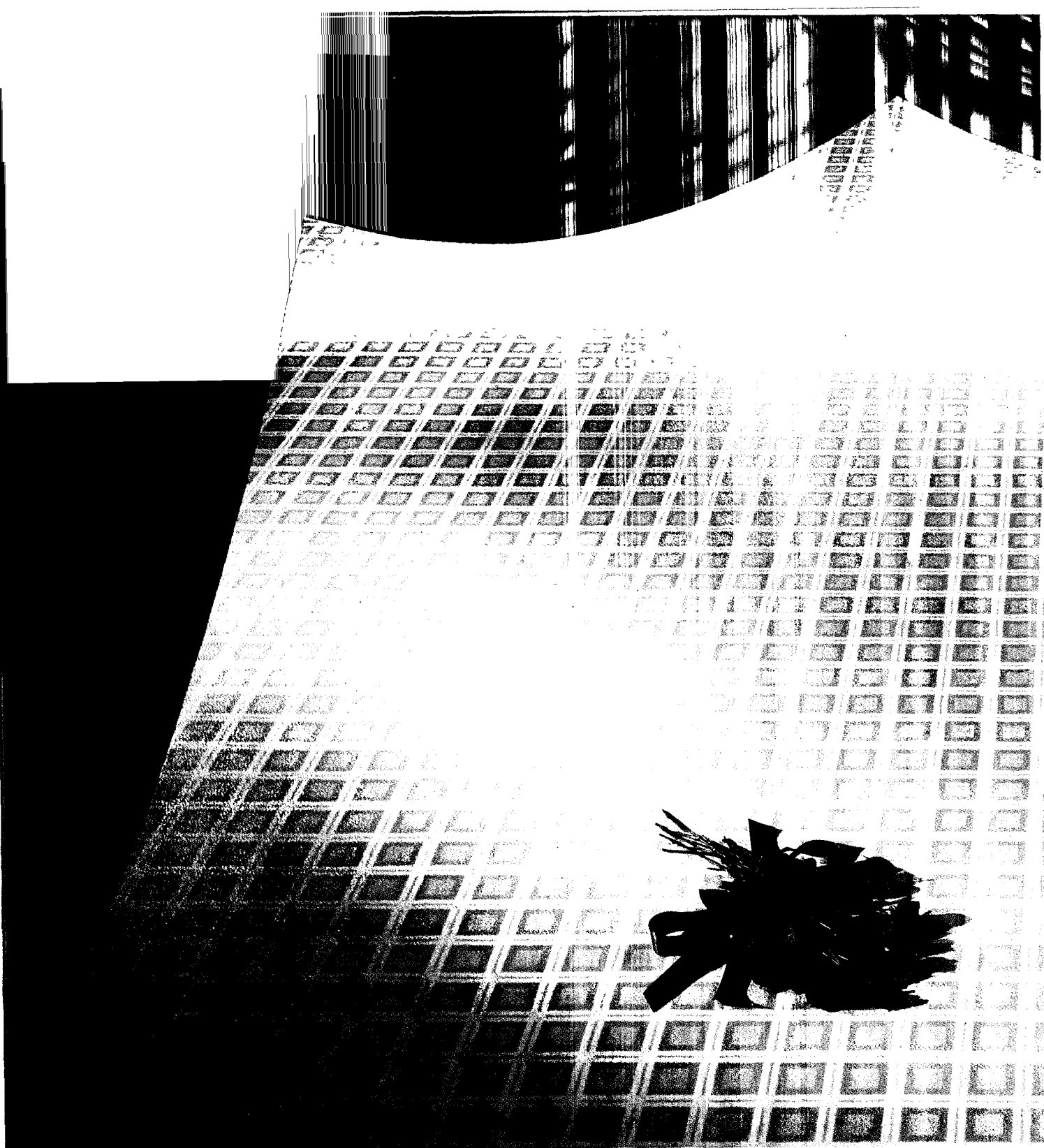




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Abr^oad

Teheran

Dollar Spill

Iranian income from oil sales this year will probably total less than half of what the government originally expected to collect—\$10 billion instead of \$22 billion—according to Iranian Central Bank Chairman Ali Reza Nowahari. This new prediction was made despite a claim by the oil ministry that exports have increased by 25 per cent in the last month through sales to Spain, Turkey, and Bulgaria. Nowahari said the loss would contribute further to inflation in Iran which, stimulated anyway by political uncertainty, has led to a loss of 60 per cent in the purchasing power of those on fixed incomes. He also said there would be a budget deficit this year, the present budget of \$40 billion being higher than what the country can possibly expect in revenues. The Central Bank, meanwhile, has been under fire from religious authorities for continuing to harbor those who supported the Shah. The clergy also complain that because of the interest rates it charges, the bank is un-Islamic.

Paris

How to Be Immortal

The formal reception of novelist Marguerite Yourcenar into the French Academy as the first woman among the Immortals will require the solution of problems of custom and protocol compared to which the barrier of sex seems nugatory. To begin with, there is the question of her costume. Academicians have always worn uniforms of midnight blue embroidered with green and gold olive leaves. Since each uniform is cut and finished and then ripped apart for the embroidery to be applied, it takes many hours of labor. Such uniforms now cost around \$12,000, often paid by a candidate's publisher. Uniforms for Academicians have for years been made by the couture house of Lanvin. The 73-year-old Mme. Yourcenar says she does not wish to wear a uniform, which includes a sword, for the investiture, but Lanvin is designing one for her anyway. It will consist of a short jacket embroidered with the olive leaves, and with embroidered cuffs. There will be a long, straight skirt with embroidered stripes down each side to correspond to the side-seam stripes on the trousers of male Academicians. A big cape and a cocked hat with an ostrich plume complete the costume. Another problem, theoretically more thorny, that of Mme. Yourcenar's American citizenship (she has lived in Maine since 1939), has been quickly dealt with. Minister of Justice Alain Peyrefitte, himself a member of the Academy, has, by virtue of her election, "restored" her French nationality because of the "manifest cultural links" she has maintained with France.

Peking

Ending All Fags

The Chinese are the world's greatest smokers by far. Such is the conclusion to be drawn from statistics published by the Ministry of Light Industry, which reveal that 651 billion cigarettes were smoked in China in 1979, and that there has been a 26 per cent increase in the rate of production, which means that something like 700 billion cigarettes will be consumed this

year. Since the population of China is estimated at about one billion people, that means an annual consumption of 651 cigarettes for every human being in the country. But, the statistics say, only 200 million Chinese are smokers. It is not surprising to learn that three big foreign cigarette makers, R. J. Reynolds, Philip Morris, and British-American Tobacco, have sought Chinese permission to manufacture cigarettes in China under license, which they have received, although so far only for sale to tourists and in special shops.

Kabul

After the Olympics

The arrival of large quantities of Soviet military equipment has inspired the fear that the Russian authorities in Afghanistan plan to launch a major new offensive against rebel forces shortly after the end of the Olympic Games. This date is given because renewed fighting during the Games would further depress the atmosphere in Moscow, and expose the Russian handling of the event to even greater criticism. A large number of fighter and bomber aircraft not previously in service have been seen being readied for operations at the Bagram military base outside of Kabul and also at Kabul airport. New rifles with increased maiming power in anti-personnel combat are being distributed to some of the Soviet troops stationed here, according to other reports. The post-Olympic offensive is also expected to employ over one thousand tanks and personnel carriers, which have been assembled over the past few months.

Calais

A Page Turned

Twenty-five years after the end of France's last battle to hold on to its colonial empire in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia, the French Unknown Soldier of Indochina has been buried with pomp in the national cemetery of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette. "So ends a glorious page in our history," President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing said in his valedictory. "When times are more peaceful, history will be able to judge the work of those who accomplished a great task in Indochina, and to measure the contribution which France made to the press of peoples in that other half of the world . . . There, the voice of France remains heard and respected. Its thought, its language, its influence survive the convulsion of events."



Behrendt, *Het Parool*

"I made it!"

Rothco

JONAS SAVIMBI

Voice from the Wilderness

FRANCIS X. MAIER

THE ANGOLAN civil war continues: no one but the ideologically infirm can deny that any longer. A protracted nationalist insurgency has now spread throughout central and southern Angola; fighting is frequent and increasingly heavy; the economy is in ruins; and half the total land area and population of the country is beyond the effective control of the central government.

The Marxist MPLA (Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola) rules the capital city of Luanda, but it stays in power largely because of massive Soviet aid, 28,000 Cuban combat troops, and several thousand East European advisors. And despite repeated offensives and a systematic policy of political repression, the Luanda regime remains unable to cope with its guerrilla opposition.

The hub of that opposition is UNITA (National Union for the Total Independence of Angola), which now fields more than 15,000 fully trained and equipped troops, organized to battalion strength in key areas. And the hub of UNITA is one of the central figures of modern African nationalism, derided by his opponents as an opportunist, applauded by his supporters as the quintessential African pragmatist, fiercely loved by his people as a leader who shares with them the hardship of life and war in the bush. That man is Jonas Savimbi.

Savimbi came to the United States last fall, at the joint invitation of Social Democrats U.S.A. and Freedom House. The main purpose of his visit was to present his side of the Angolan conflict; however, he also had an important message for us: he believes the United States has lost its ability to distinguish its natural friends from its natural enemies. As a result of this confusion, it is

playing suitor to regimes, like Mozambique's, that are inherently antagonistic to American values, while ignoring its real African friends, who consequently no longer trust American intentions.

As if to prove his point, U.S. officials gave him an icy welcome. Richard Moose, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs and a supporter of diplomatic recognition for the Luanda regime, reportedly attempted to block his visa. Washington, after indicating it would provide security during the trip, subsequently reneged; in addition, the City of New York offered protection only at his hotel (the Essex House), forcing local UNITA personnel to hire private security guards to the tune of \$2,000 a day. Savimbi arrived with several personal bodyguards (he has survived six assassination attempts), but was vulnerable throughout most of the visit—a source of real anxiety for his friends.

This apprehension as to his safety was not unwarranted. UNITA officials in this country are frequently monitored by MPLA and Cuban intelligence: phones tapped, mail opened, etc. And word of the visit, meant to be kept

secret, was apparently leaked well in advance: the week before Savimbi arrived, an Op-Ed piece in the *New York Times* called for the recognition of the MPLA. Rumors started flying: that Transafrica—the militant black lobby—was planning a massive anti-Savimbi rally; that U.S. intelligence was set to pick Savimbi's brains; and that the State Department had finally allowed him in only as a conscience-salve, in preparation for a formal recognition of Luanda. Worse, UNITA's own black American supporters started complaining that Savimbi's itinerary was top-heavy with meetings designed to influence the white power structure (people like Henry Kissinger) at the expense of the black community.

'Unqualified Success'

The reality of the ten-day visit turned out to be quite different. Carl Gershman, executive director of Social Democrats U.S.A., characterized it as "an unqualified success," effective beyond anyone's expectations. James Finn, editor of *Worldview* magazine and a member of the Council on Religion in International Affairs, where Savimbi spoke, characterized him as "intelligent, articulate, and impressive as a person," and rejected the MPLA's charge that Savimbi is a puppet of the South Africans. Congressman Stephen Solarz, a longtime advocate of "normalized" relations with the MPLA government, grudgingly admitted that Savimbi was



Mr. Maier is editor of the National Catholic Register.

the "leader of a serious and significant movement," and that the ideal solution to the civil war would be "some sort of power-sharing agreement between the MPLA and UNITA." And even John Marcum, grand old man of Angolan scholarship and author of the two-volume *The Angolan Revolution*, indicated that "just the very fact that Savimbi and UNITA have survived is in itself quite an accomplishment."

Throughout his brief visit, Savimbi pounded away at what he called "Soviet-Cuban neocolonialism" and criticized MPLA ideology as alien to Angolan culture. But it was his personal magnetism and energy, as well as his obvious confidence, that won listeners. This past year has been important for UNITA: it kept the Benguela railway closed, racked up substantial battlefield successes, and saw its enemy plunged into a serious identity crisis. Always subject to factional disputes, the MPLA lost its main adhesive in September with the death of President Agostinho Neto.

Key Credential: Color

He was succeeded by a relative unknown, Eduardo dos Santos, whose key credential may have been the color of his skin: black. The real powers in the present MPLA party structure are Lucio Lara and Iko Carrerra—but they are *mestiços*, and the MPLA, already a minority government, cannot afford the image of racial elitism. In any event, these heirs of Neto lack stature in the revolutionary movement; and with the FNLA's Holden Roberto discredited as corrupt and CIA-connected, that leaves Savimbi as the only surviving leader of the struggle for independence against Portugal. Additionally, the MPLA's Soviet patron is increasingly distracted by an intensifying guerrilla war somewhat closer to home: Afghanistan.

Savimbi very clearly feels he is winning. And he communicated that feeling with the persuasive skill of a born orator (he speaks six European languages fluently). Michael Samuels, an Angolan affairs expert with the Center for Strategic and International Affairs at Georgetown University, summed up Savimbi as "one of the very few people who can lay claim to being truly charismatic; he understands political nuance and, overall, he is very savvy." Samuels has no doubt that the MPLA

will eventually have to seek a settlement with UNITA.

Despite the eclipse of his visit by the burgeoning Iran crisis, Savimbi brought back from the United States a public-relations coup—both the *Wall Street Journal* and William Safire of the *New York Times* gave him what amounted to editorial endorsement, and James Overly, the State Department officer on the Angola desk, subsequently acknowledged that, contrary to media reports, Savimbi *had* met with Department officials to present his views on the requirements for an Angolan peace. At the very least, observers claim, he probably succeeded in retarding the drive to recognize the Luanda government, and dramatized the need for the U.S. to take a firmer line in Africa.

There were also other hints (unconfirmed) that more than mere image-building was pursued during Savimbi's visit. Savimbi was accompanied by Jeremias Chitunda, UNITA's information minister, and José Ndele, its foreign minister. Also present, however, was John Marquis Kakumba, a UNITA central committee member whose international business connections have reportedly been most useful to UNITA financing. Unnoticed by the national press, Savimbi spent the last days of his trip in Texas, visiting "friends"—giving new life to recurrent rumors that UNITA, in classic corporate style, receives goodwill money from the same oil companies that deal regularly with the MPLA.

From the United States, Savimbi traveled to West Germany, which is sympathetic to his cause, and a key market for arms. Egypt, the Sudan, Kenya, Tunisia, Senegal, Gabon, Morocco, the Ivory Coast, and several other moderate African states also support UNITA covertly; and beyond Africa, France and the People's Republic of China are important patrons. (Consistent with Savimbi's pragmatism, UNITA has, according to longtime UNITA observers, traditionally gone for "the weak money"—i.e., money from sources too weak or too distant to attach strings that can ideologically bind.)

Just what did Savimbi say? He made it clear, repeatedly, that he seeks a negotiated settlement, a government of national unity and reconciliation that would exclude no one, not even the MPLA. He wants democratic elections and a mixed economy, and he would be willing, he says, to accept someone else

as president in the interests of a just peace. He also held out the prospect of reopening the Benguela railroad as part of general peace negotiations, and hinted that not all the Cubans need be removed before those negotiations could commence. What UNITA will *not* tolerate, he said, is the forcible imposition of Soviet expansionism and Cuban revolutionary culture on a people and society alien to the experience of Marxism.

Cost of Andrew Young

Savimbi's effect on long-term American policy in Africa is still in doubt. According to Kenneth Adelman, a former assistant to the Secretary of Defense and now a senior political analyst at the Stanford Research Institute, there can be no permanent peace in southern Africa without the participation of UNITA, and American policy in the region has reached a watershed. "Andrew Young did bring about a favorable U.S. image in Africa," said Adelman, "but he did it at an unacceptable price, by sacrificing traditional American values . . . We should learn to recognize who in the world supports the same values we do, and who doesn't. Emoting all over the Third World accomplishes nothing, and the idea that we can gradually bring around a regime like the MPLA to our point of view and our system of values is very flawed."

According to political analysts like Ernest Lefever, Director of the Ethics and Policy Research Center in Washington, the time has now come to change course. Lefever regards the present MPLA government of Angola as "morally corrupt and illegitimate" and claims that "the U.S. should provide Savimbi with material assistance as needed—and that means *military* assistance, not personnel or advisors, but military assistance. I would prefer it if we were able to do that openly, but if not, then covertly."

The heart of the matter in the continuing Angolan struggle, according to Lefever, is that the MPLA is a repressive Marxist regime and UNITA is oriented toward Western values: "There is no question," says Lefever, "that, of the two, UNITA would present a better, more democratic, representative, and humane government, and it would be a government that would not rest on the bayonets of mercenaries, Cuban or otherwise." □

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Feuding in THE Rear Guard

RICHARD BROOKHISER

"President Kennedy and President Carter agree on most things"—Vice President Mondale, June 6, 1979.

THE BATTLE between President Carter and "President" Kennedy for control of the Democratic Party has been going on for nine months now; an additional year of tiffs, spats, raids, harries, tumults, skirmishes, and piracies preceded their formal declaration of war. The President has called the Senator's statements "baloney," and promised to "whip his" buttocks. The Senator, more caustic, has called the President a "Republican." Carter has accused Kennedy of compiling the most profligate spending record in Senate history, and of subverting national unity in a time of crisis. Kennedy has accused Carter of plunging the country into economic ruin and betraying the historical role of his party. Carter, says Kennedy, personifies "uncertainty and retreat." Carter, say Carter's ads (leaving the contraposition to the listener), is a distinguished husband and father.

From time to time it is pointed out that these corroborations are the work of two men of remarkably similar outlook. Only three other senators have displayed more loyalty to the Carter Administration than Edward Kennedy; in over three hundred roll-call votes during Carter's first 32 months in office, Kennedy broke with the Administration less than forty times. The only issue between the two, complained Jerry Brown, "is career advancement." "If you liked Jimmy," runs a Republican wisecrack, "you'll love Teddy"—a wisecrack which "is catching on," wrote David Broder of the *Washington Post* last September, "because there is enough similarity in the basic policy views of the two men to justify it."

This is not to say that the differences that remain are unimportant. The confrontation in Madison Square Garden will affect the course of the Democratic Party and the shape of American politics for the next decade. But it is not a meeting of diametric opposites, a replay of the clash of pro- and anti-Klansmen in 1924, or pro- and anti-warriors in 1968. It is a struggle among liberals, over the meaning of liberalism in an increasingly unliberal time.

Politically, the Carter-Kennedy relationship has passed through four stages. During the 1976 campaign and the first year and a half of Carter's term, the two men enjoyed a period of relative peaceful coexistence. Chappaquiddick, it was

generally conceded, had been too fresh in people's minds to permit a serious Kennedy bid; the party's ADA-types were soothed by Carter's campaign positions and rewarded with appointments; and Carter's 1977 poll ratings were tremendous. Trouble first appeared in the summer of 1978. A conservative tide was gathering out beyond the reefs, and Carter seemed powerless to stem it. The party's Left became disenchanted, and Kennedy grew restive. A month after the passage of Proposition 13, he told 2,500 cheering liberal delegates to the Democratic mid-term convention in Memphis that "sometimes a party must sail against the wind." He sniped at Carter on half a dozen issues, all the while insisting that he "expected" him to be renominated and re-elected.

Most observers wrote off Kennedy's sallies as a public-relations stunt: Kennedy the senator would be a more potent leader if he were also Kennedy the will-he/won't-he candidate. Carter's plummeting poll ratings through the spring and summer of 1979, however, encouraged grander hopes; the chorus of unhappy McGovernites was joined by mainstream officeholders urging Kennedy to run for the good of the party. Kennedy began feinting with his right, in anticipation of a serious national campaign; "we are making a clean break with the New Deal and even the 1960s," he told a meeting of the Investment Association of New York in October 1979.

The invasions of the American Embassy and of Afghanistan abruptly inaugurated the fourth phase. The Administration assumed the appearance, if not the texture, of toughness. Carter professed a born-again knowledge of Soviet intentions and moved into the situation room; Brzezinski harangued gun-toting tribesmen in the Khyber Pass. Kennedy, floundering, tacked back in the direction of liberal purity. "Let us resolve," he concluded his January 1980 Georgetown speech, "to keep the rudder true."

These rhetorical maneuverings had slight impact on the policy positions of the two men. Kennedy's and Carter's records on defense and foreign policy remained internally consistent, and similar to each other. Both men supported the Panama Canal treaties, the Rhodesian settlement, and SALT II; both favored recognizing Peking and dumping Taiwan, and Kennedy floated the formula in September 1977 that was adopted 15 months later. Both men opposed the B-1

bomber and the neutron bomb; both support the "development" of the MX missile (though Kennedy has opposed its deployment as "a dangerous step"). When Carter agreed with the NATO allies in 1977 to a stop-gap 3 per cent real increase in total defense spending, Kennedy initially favored restricting the hike to NATO forces, but later swung round.

Carter and Kennedy have had three sharp foreign-policy disagreements. Two reflect the tugs of ethnic politics. Kennedy's first bill in Congress, as he never tires of telling Greek audiences, was in support of higher Greek immigration quotas, and he is as hawkish for Israel as Menahem Begin; he has accordingly denounced all Carter policies which favor Arabs or Turks, whether outrageous (the on-again, off-again anti-Israel vote in the Security Council) or sensible (the lifting of the Turkish arms embargo).

The crises in Iran and Afghanistan provoked a seemingly more complex confrontation. Carter gave reluctant asylum to the Shah, imposed tardy economic sanctions on Iran, and called for draft registration, an embargo on grain sales to the Soviet Union, and a boycott of the Moscow Olympics. Kennedy disapproved of all five measures (the fifth ambiguously), and branded the Shah one of the "most violent" rulers in history to boot. Carter, the realist, seemed arrayed against Kennedy, the temporizer. Yet as our perspective lengthens, Carter's tactical bravura, unsupported by any coherent strategy, looks more and more like Kennedy's caution. Carter has fired none of the advisors whose counsel helped bring him to this pass. (Secretary of State Cyrus Vance departed the Carter Administration under his own steam.) He hopes, in the face of Soviet outrages, to revive SALT II ("America," said Kennedy in his Georgetown speech, "should be a continuing force for arms control"). Carter and Kennedy proposed similar ideas for a UN Commission to deal with the prisoners in the Teheran Embassy, then bickered over precedence.

The President and the Senator have fought gaudier battles over domestic issues, on which most of Kennedy's attention in Congress has been concentrated. Kennedy's stem-winder to the Memphis mid-term convention in 1978 occurred at a subcommittee workshop on national health insurance. Carter had promised to work for a "comprehensive" national plan in 1976, only to insist later that the plan be implemented in stages. Kennedy urged his fellow party members in Memphis "to make health care a right . . . now," and proposed (as he had since 1972) a \$120-billion federal agency to collect premiums and make payments. A year later, he had abandoned the federal agency in favor of a set-up similar to that advocated by Carter: a program administered by private companies obeying strict government regulations. Carter and Kennedy disagreed on one other social

issue—after two years of vainly pushing for federal control of handguns, Carter let the matter drop; Kennedy was eager to continue the fight. Both men support busing, affirmative action, and ERA, and oppose any anti-abortion amendment.

Carter's second headline-making run-in with Kennedy—the "baloney" episode—also concerned a domestic issue: oil decontrol. Neither man liked the idea. Carter attempted, throughout 1977, to get Congress to raise domestic oil prices to world levels by taxation. When Congress refused, he proposed to couple decontrol with a "windfall profits" tax. Even this push-me, pull-you version of decontrol was too much for Kennedy—he accused the Administration of "throwing in the towel" to Big Oil. (It was at this point that the President took the name of a sausage in vain.) More recently, the two opponents have differed over nuclear power and gasoline rationing: Kennedy wants nuclear plants phased out entirely, Carter is merely unwilling to do anything politically effective to defend them; Kennedy backs a national gas rationing program as a substitute for "rationing by price."

But energy is only the most fashionable subset these days of an issue Democrats have traditionally thought of as their own—economics. Candidate Carter made a great impression four years ago, touring the country with a "misery index" concocted by adding President Ford's inflation rate to his unemployment rate. Candidate Kennedy now employs the same index, considerably swollen. Kennedy especially has put economics at the center of his campaign.

So it is surprising—or perhaps by now it is not surprising—how little the votes and proposals of the two pols have di-



Kennedy's sallies were written off as a PR stunt: Kennedy the senator would be a more potent leader if he were also Kennedy the will-be/won't-be candidate



Carter's 1976 promise to provide a government as good as the American people had been ironically, but punctiliously, fulfilled

between restricted alternatives—only reflected the limitations of a spiritually baffled citizenry. His 1976 promise to provide a government as good as the American people had been ironically, but punctiliously, fulfilled.

Kennedy attacked these sentiments in his first campaign speech. "It's the political leadership that is in a political malaise. . . . This country is not prepared to sound retreat. It is ready to advance." Granted, it was in Kennedy's interest to question his opponent's leadership. Nevertheless, he displayed his own mental habits as clearly as Carter had exposed his. For Kennedy alone in the Democratic Party is the candidate of hope—hope in the energy of the people and the efficacy of politics. Washington may sicken, but Americans are healthy.

What is generally interesting is that liberalism's candidate of hope in 1980 is the rebel, the non-President, the outsider. Carter cannot hope: for four years in power have taught him the diminishing congruity between reality and the solutions of liberalism. Because these solutions are the only ones he knows, he has persisted in them, tinkering or yielding piecemeal. This half-hearted stubbornness, which so enrages the purists now led by Senator Kennedy, is all that is left of practical liberal politics in the ninth decade of the twentieth century—this, and gloomy reflections on the contumacy of the people.

This dilemma will dog the Democrats regardless of personalities—whether they pick the millionaire playboy who practices vice only when it hurts him, or the born-again Christian who preaches virtue only when it helps him, or some dark horse as yet unknown. God help them—their ideas won't. □

Climbing

Executives fortified between storms
with promise of unconstipated financial bliss
and my positive logic, have an enormous mellow.

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climate-control specialists and *premiumbrand* jello.

Just three years ago I was
a major Chicago Company President.
Then I invented the *free-lance executive*
and now I'm seven corporations' "Positive-Thinking
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—JON STEFAN

verged. Big spending: both practice it (we have already recorded Carter's opinion of Kennedy's record; Carter's record is the most promiscuous in White House history). Three-martini lunches—both abhor them. The Humphrey-Hawkins full-employment bill: both backed it. Wage and price guidelines: both supported them. And there they stood, daggers drawn and eye to eye—an uncomfortable posture, particularly for Kennedy, who could hardly approve of the economic mess (Carter, the author of it, had no choice), yet at the same time couldn't exactly say what he would do differently, except administer the guidelines more "forcefully," or have his economic advisors "speak with one voice." Until at last, like the maiden in the ballad, besought by the Demon Lover, he figured, "Why not?" and came out, in his Georgetown speech, for the logical consummation of all guidelines—wage and price controls. "The President," he said, "should impose an immediate six-month freeze . . . followed by mandatory controls, as long as necessary, across the board." Carter, at last report, is still playing it coy, though his scruples will surely evaporate, if need be, along about October.

One final area of comparison remains—rhetorical, though in considering it, one must go beyond particular images and arguments. This is *attitude*, and here, and here only, the difference between Carter and Kennedy is clear and decisive. President Carter exhibited his attitude, his cast of mind, most conspicuously in his July 1979 energy address. Americans, Carter declared, suffered from a spiritual "malaise"—a "growing doubt about the meaning of our lives and [a] loss of a unity of purpose for our nation." His Administration's record, in other words—its failures and partial successes, its "hard" choices

Reagan's New Coalition



ROBERT D. NOVAK

THE APPEARANCE of the delegates at the Joe Louis Arena in Detroit betrayed no hint that the Republican Party might be transforming itself into the coalition necessary to the making of a majority party. On the contrary, Republican delegates in convention assembled seemed more exclusionary and comic than ever—exclusionary, because the delegates were even whiter, more predominantly male, and richer than in recent years; comic, because good plain Republican garments had been replaced by outlandish elephant hats, garish serapes, and anything else that might catch the wandering television cameraman's eye.

It also was a convention that looked rigidly rightist, more even than Barry Goldwater's convention at the Cow Palace in San Francisco in 1964. The inability by supporters of the Equal Rights Amendment to wage a floor debate on the platform plank ending forty years of Republican support for ERA was terrifying to some onlookers in the press section. Syndicated columnist Richard Reeves smelled "a whiff of moral Fascism." Henry Fairlie, the expatriate English journalist, wrote in the *Washington Post*: "The Reaganites on the floor were exactly those who in Germany gave the Nazis their main strength and who in France collaborated with them and sustained Vichy."

In truth, the mood of the floor at Detroit was more congenial and conciliatory than any Republican convention in my twenty years' personal experience, a mood that I find was conveyed almost invariably to television watchers I have questioned. If the Republicans at the Joe Louis Arena were even less representative of the American melting pot than their predecessors at the Cow Palace a dozen years earlier, the Reagan convention displayed none of the Goldwater convention's anger and menace. This congeniality and conciliation was not merely the anticipation of victory; the much more certain expectation of a landslide in 1972 did not save the Miami Beach convention that year from a stifling sense of unease and joylessness over Richard Nixon's final domination of his party.

That might have betrayed a foreboding sense of Watergate, but the previous four Republican conventions also lacked the spirit of Detroit. The reason for the buoyancy here, I believe, was mainly an impression that the poor old Republican Party might be on the brink of becoming the majority party, that 1980 might mean not just a Reagan victory on the scale of the Eisenhower and Nixon victories, with

limited political significance, but a triumph on the dimensions of 1932. This expectation lent a positive tone to the Convention not in keeping with the familiar Republican posture of the hatchet-faced miser guarding the lockbox. But that positive tone also led to the expectation.

There was an intuitive sense among the delegates that the party might be on the brink of a coalition, even though not all its component parts were represented at Detroit. By word and deed, the Republican Convention refrained from the labor-baiting that has so bemused the party for much of this century. This was a conscious effort to win the allegiance of the blue-collar worker, who has proved the one indispensable element in a majority political coalition throughout the nation's history. Indeed, polls show that the blue-collar worker not only is tending to Reagan for President but, for the first time since before 1932, looks to the Republican Party as the best guarantor of his economic future.

The heart of this embryonic coalition is the old Republicans, who were well represented on the floor at Detroit, a vanishing breed of Americans from Main Street and the Country Club who have been the party's hard core through fifty years of defeat. Those have been years of defeat because the hard core found allies at the voting booth only spasmodically and only for special missions: to elect a war hero or overwhelm an aberrant Left-Democrat candidate.

A new, possibly permanent coalition partner surfaced at the Detroit Convention in the form of hundreds of delegates belonging to the Moral Majority, a political action group representing sixty million or more evangelical and fundamentalist Americans—the Born-Againists. Believing they have been betrayed by co-religionist Jimmy Carter and concerned by the decline of the family, they are turning to politics. Here is possibly the first massive addition to Republican ranks since the coming of the New Deal.

But to make this a winning coalition, the blue-collar worker must also join, and this is the most difficult and important element of Reagan's coalition-building. There is no Moral Majority to guide the blue-collar worker into Republican ranks. His union leaders remain ineradicably Democratic, if not always Carterite. Laborers and skilled craftsmen were in

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even shorter supply on the Detroit convention floor than were women and blacks. Yet, the promise of 1980 will not be fulfilled for the Republicans unless there is as massive a shift in the blue-collar vote as there was in 1860 and 1932.

No party can achieve majority status in this country without the working man. While the infant Republican Party of 1860 included farmers, abolitionists, and Know-Nothing nativists, it was essentially a working-man's party. The Rooseveltian coalition, while bringing in blacks to join the white South, prospered on the new allegiance of the Blue-Collars, finally leaving the Republicans after 25 years of increasing disillusionment.

When I last wrote at length for this journal about Republicans, in the wake of Carter's 1976 victory (*NR*, Dec. 24, 1976), I pictured bleak prospects for the party after a presidential election that was lost by Republicans rather than won by the Democrats. Four years have made so great a difference because of Carter's equally maladroit management of the Democratic Party and the economy, creating the conditions necessary before there can be any switch in majority party status. The Roosevelt coalition followed the 1929 crash; the Republican Party had not then truly healed its horrible wounds of 1912. The original Republican coalition followed the Panic of 1857 amidst a Democratic schism on geographic lines.

My doubts about the Republican future four years ago turned on whether the Republicans could become willing to forgo their habitual union-baiting. "While making an appeal to the blue-collar worker on grounds of national security," I wrote then, "the Republicans must also reassure him that he need not fear them economically." That is, Republicans should be anti-spending and anti-taxation but neutral between management and labor. That is precisely the posture

that the manufacturers and merchants—the Country Club Republicans—had refused to countenance over sixty years.

That self-indulgence vitiated the party's original foundations. A. C. Cole has declared that the new party was "intended in many ways to be an American labor party." When Lincoln debated Stephen Douglas at Galesburg, Ill. in 1858, he was greeted by this Republican banner: "Small Fisted Farmers, Mud-sills of Society, Greasy Mechanics for A. Lincoln." In 1860, Lincoln sent this message to the striking shoe workers of New Haven, Conn.: "I am glad to see that a system of labor exists in New England under which laborers can strike when they want to . . ."

That tradition waned during the Gilded Age but was triumphantly renewed under McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. Mark Hanna of Ohio, perhaps the greatest national chairman in the history of either party, was an uncompromising champion of the working man. Under him, the Republicans were the party of the "Full Dinner Pail," extolling a system that was not trickle-down crumbs but the sharing of a bigger pie—not merely with individual workers but with organized unions. Hanna urged businessmen to sit down and bargain rather than break the unions and was bitterly critical of Pullman's provocation of the bloody 1894 strike by refusing to bargain. When somebody suggested to Hanna at the Cleveland Union Club that Pullman became the paternalistic friend of the workers by building them a model town, he exploded: "Oh hell! Model [obscurity]! Go and live in Pullman and find out how much Pullman gets sellin' city water and gas 10 per cent higher to those poor fools. . . . A man who won't meet his men halfway is a goddamn fool."

The change came in 1908 when Theodore Roosevelt chose not to run. Organized labor's plea for an anti-injunction plank to the platform was rejected and the platform instead pledged that the power of the courts to protect property "shall be preserved inviolate." The nominee of 1908, William Howard Taft, had commented on the 1894 Pullman strike: "It will be necessary for the military to kill some of the mob before the trouble can be stayed. They have only killed six as yet. This is hardly enough to make an impression." The triumph of Taft over Roosevelt in the schism of 1911 confirmed the defection from the Republicans of AFL founder Samuel Gompers and set the stage for the mass exodus of Northern working-men when hard times came.

★ || The Deep Root-Canal Way

Union-baiting was to become an unbreakable habit for Republicans, presumably pleasurable but still debilitating. Senator Barry Goldwater was the hero of the Country Club less for his militant anti-Communism than for his strident anti-unionism. In advocating the application of antitrust laws to organized labor in *Conscience of a Conservative*, Goldwater was attacking the bargaining power of unions in a way that could only be interpreted by the worker as a menace to his economic survival. The 1964 platform opposed "any form of unregulated monopoly, whether business or labor." Goldwater was gone in 1968, but that year's platform talked of "vigorous enforcement" of the Taft-Hartley and Landrum-Griffin Acts, thereby challenging union leadership.

While seeming to threaten union-negotiated gains, the Republicans offered no modern version of the Full Dinner Pail. They followed what Professor Arthur Laffer of the University of Southern California has called the Deep Root-Canal School of Economics: If it hurts, it *must* be good for you! Dr. Herbert Stein, chief economic advisor to President Nixon, has called for a pact between the two parties for five years of economic austerity: such austerity would be certain to weigh more heavily on the nation's workers than on Herb Stein. Similarly, when Republicans from the fastness of their country clubs talk about tightening belts, they are surely not talking about their own belts.

★ The Remarkable Jack Kemp

The loss in 1976 seemed to change little, either in the way of union-baiting or Deep Root-Canal economics. Early in 1977, when asked the best political opportunity for the Republicans, House Minority Leader John Rhodes suggested the defeat of the union-backed common situs picketing bill (which was subsequently defeated amidst vast national inattention). Rhodes and others applauded as Carter embarked on policies intended to cure inflation by recession, attempting to follow the austerity dictums of Dr. Stein. Reagan, the putative candidate for 1980, had always been sympathetic to Goldwaterism in his labor policy (despite his start in public affairs as a Screen Actors Guild officer). As late as 1978, Reagan was talking to friends about the need for an intensely painful recession as a purgative for inflation.

That all this changed is testimony to the notion that ideas can work in politics, particularly if expounded by a true-believer who is forceful and articulate. That is the description of Jack French Kemp, one of the most remarkable figures to appear in Republican politics in this century. A native of California with a bachelor's degree in physical education, Kemp retired from professional football a decade ago at age 35 to enter Congress from a largely blue-collar district in Buffalo, New York (where he had played quarterback). Borrowing the economic ideas of Professor Laffer and others, Kemp pushed so vigorously and so intensely for radical tax reduction as the key to economic regeneration, that by the congressional campaign of 1978 it was adopted as national party policy.

Kemp was preaching more than tax cuts. He was not only returning to McKinley's Full Dinner Pail but attempting to restore the original Republican appeal to the Blue Collars, not by me-too acceptance of big government but by a distinctly Republican program. Traveling with Kemp on a Southern speaking swing in the summer of 1978, I was impressed by his un-Republican message of hope and optimism and particularly by an incident in Columbia, South Carolina, at a \$100-a-plate fund-raising breakfast. After Kemp attacked government debasement of the currency as the principal cause of inflation, one gentleman arose to inquire whether he had forgotten about labor unions. "No," Kemp replied, "the cause of inflation is *not* unions." Gasps; no applause.

But Kemp's signal accomplishment was to wean Reagan from the Deep Root-Canal School toward Professor Laffer's supply-side economics. By the fall of 1979, Reagan was a convert, preaching the impetus to incentive, investment, and pro-

ductivity from Kemp-Roth tax reduction. Since that time, Reagan has repulsed repeated efforts to backslide toward the Deep Root-Canal, displaying the obstinacy and fervor of a convert.

Apart from the anti-abortion and anti-ERA planks insisted on by the political agents of the Born-Againists, the 1980 platform reflected the political philosophy of Jack Kemp. Besides presiding over a foreign-policy/defense plank that calls for military superiority and reiterates a commitment to free trade, Kemp was the guiding force in the platform's economic planks: tax reduction, plus a "monetary standard" which all but puts the Republican Party back on the gold standard as an approach to stabilizing the currency while reducing taxes.

In a private letter to Senator John Tower, the platform committee chairman, Kemp called on the party "to redefine our relationship with American labor in general and trade unions in particular . . . I believe we should as a party put behind us any tendency to emphasize our differences with labor." Kemp did not get all he wanted out of the labor plank; he could not, for example, prevent reiteration of support for Taft-Hartley's Section 14 (b) which permits state "right to work" laws—a section last under attack in 1966. But Kemp did smother efforts actively to endorse the "right to work" (anti-union-shop) principle, and kept the plank free of the anti-union atmospherics adopted by conventions in 1948 and 1968 that probably were less conservative than this one.

In his speech to the Convention, Kemp declared: "It's immoral to tell working men and women to hold their wage increases to 8 per cent while the government devalues their paychecks by 12 per cent." As he had told that breakfast in Columbus, two years earlier, the unions are not to blame. In



his masterly acceptance speech, Reagan managed to avoid the negativism with which Republicanism has been identified, calling for tax cuts that will create "new investment, new jobs, and more commerce among our people."

The dangers of backsliding are manifest. Republican leaders cannot expect from labor leaders much more than the civil conversation received when they breakfasted with Douglas Fraser and the other United Auto Workers officials in Detroit the week before the Convention. If they are looking for more tangible support, they will be disappointed. Rather, the official AFL-CIO apparatus may be expected to try its hardest to stop Reagan, not so much for Carter's sake as for the sake of liberal members of Congress who see they are endangered by a Republican revival. But lashing out at the labor leaders diminishes, rather than enhances, this rare opportunity to wean away their membership.

That opportunity, in fact, was not enhanced by Reagan's gaffe on April 21 in South Bend, Indiana, when in answering questions he blithely endorsed application of antitrust laws to organized labor, a page out of the Goldwater book. To resurrect an issue that was absent from the current political dialogue and that predictably would not even be considered by a Reagan Administration was momentary folly. Reagan's fleeting remarks have not been repeated by him but have not been forgotten by others. When asked by reporters in Detroit whether a UAW endorsement of Reagan was conceivable, Doug Fraser reflexively recalled what Reagan said in South Bend. It will be repeated incessantly as labor leaders this fall portray a Republican threat to the hard-won bargaining power of their unions.

If Reagan and the Republicans do not lash back in anger, chances of success for this union campaign are considerably lower than they were in 1968 when organized labor recaptured its membership from George Wallace. Whereas Wallace's appeal was essentially racial and social and thereby vulnerable

to economic attack, Reagan's is essentially economic. He is, like Lincoln in 1860 and Roosevelt in 1932, offering a bigger economic pie.

Reagan and other Republicans will be under heavy pressure to abandon tax reduction as inflationary, just as many Republican congressional candidates did in 1978. Their free-trade posture also will come under attack if, as many Administration insiders predict, President Carter embraces protectionism to win back auto and steel workers. But Reagan's appeal potentially transcends either tax or trade policy and comes from the high ground of a call to prosperity and growth. That is why, for the first time in 58 years, the Republicans seem to be within reasonable distance of an effective response to the New Deal. As Democratic Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan has suggested, this could be a "role reversal . . . the onset of the transformation of American politics."

The coalition this year of the Blue-Collars with the Born-Againists and the Country Club Republicans, while culturally discordant, presents fewer problems in terms of issues than past seminal coalitions. Segregationist Southerners and blacks once lived within the same Democratic coalition. The original Republican coalition included abolitionists and Negrophobes, nativists and immigrants.

All the potential elements of the 1980 coalition are agreed on the priority of stronger defense. The Country Clubbers may not like anti-austerity tax cuts for individuals, but the Born-Againists seem uninterested in economic issues. The Country-Clubbers may be uncomfortable about the anti-abortion, anti-ERA, and anti-homosexual positions taken to satisfy the Born-Againists, but these stands are not antipathetic to the Blue-Collars. What concerns them is this: Do the Republicans mean better times or harder times? The answer they derive from this campaign will determine not only the outcome November 4, but the shape of politics in this nation into the distant future. □

Life Doesn't Begin At Forty

MY FRIEND Tillie Gort sure was glad to read some time ago that husbands over forty shouldn't have affairs because they might have a heart attack. But she was even happier when she heard that experts are also saying that an affair for a housewife over forty might well be the solution to a dull marriage.

The problem, though, was how to tell her husband that her having an affair would add a lot to their marriage—that it would put sparkle in her eyes, a bounce in her walk, and sensuousness in her every movement, and that these exciting changes in her couldn't help but intrigue him.

A further problem was that if she

then said, "But *you* can't have an affair dear, because you'll drop dead," he'd simply say, "What a way to go!"

So she decided she wouldn't tell him anything. The next thing was to decide whom she'd have an affair with. The solution was a matter of logic. Since she was going to have her affair for her husband's sake, she decided to have it with his best friend.

"Please pass the meat and potatoes," she said to Bull Durango at their next dinner party, "and would you like to have an affair?"

At lunchtime the next day they met in the Notel Motel. Unfortunately, at 12:17 Bull dropped dead.

Tillie hadn't realized that he was over

forty, although she did know that he was married.

Bull didn't die in vain, though. The very fact that he found her that exciting put sparkle in Tillie's eyes, a bounce in her walk, and sensuousness in her every movement. Overnight she became a new woman. And of course, her husband was intrigued. The very next night, in fact, he took her hand and said huskily, "Dearest, that new sparkle in your eyes, that new bounce to your walk, that sensuousness you now have in every movement, all intrigue me. Let me take you in my arms and . . . Aaagghhh!"

And clutching his chest, over he keeled.

—JOHN KEEFAUVER

MOHAMMED REZA PAHLEVI, RIP

Fulcrum of Past and Future

NORMAN B. HANNAH

ONE DAY in his early teens Mohammed Reza Pahlevi was walking with his father through the manicured gardens of the Palace in Teheran. The old Shah tried to draw out the reticent lad, to learn what interested him. When the Prince spoke of history and social science, the fierce one-time stable sergeant of a Cossack company, now King of Kings, smote his son on the back, propelling him into a lily pond. "Donkey! Social science! Hah! You will rule this land. Now watch, and learn how to be King of the Persians."

Apocryphal? Perhaps, but real, nonetheless. It's hard to be the heir to a ruthless warrior-king. But if being cowed by a tyrant-father was his dialectical thesis, then consider the traumatic antithesis—the old man dethroned in 1941 and packed off by the Russians and British to exile in Mauritius, death in South Africa, and a grave in Egypt. Synthesis? A callow, 21-year-old Prince torn between the recollection of ruthless paternal power and the reality of paternal humiliation, cast up into the powerful Peacock Throne but, in reality, more like a ball of yarn buffeted back and forth by covetous Persian cats, not to mention a few first-class tigers called Stalin, Churchill, and Roosevelt. This was not synthesis. This was the matrix of breakdown.

It nearly happened, too—in 1953. The Shah's writ would not run past the Palace gate and was scorned by the weeping Mossadegh, the embittered clergy (predecessors of Khomeini's new Savanarolas), and the Communist Tudeh. But it didn't quite happen. Thanks to fate, to the mistakes of his enemies, and to the marginal support of a friend, the United States, he got what history rarely grants a failed leader—a second chance.

And he made full use of that second

chance, combining his father's authoritarianism with the progressive ideas he had absorbed from the West, the past with the future. To regain control of Azerbaijan he turned to his father's old Cossack comrade, Marshal Shahbakhti, ramrod straight and tough. But when the Shah received us (the American, French, and Turkish Consuls in Azerbaijan) privately, he spoke softly and meditatively, like a scholarly historian, of Iran's narrow escape, of the need to eradicate ancient social evils, and, pointedly, of correcting the "mistakes all of us have made—at all stations."

WELL, he did correct some of them—but not others. In less than three decades more economic, social and educational progress was made than in the previous two or three centuries. And the country was made strong, a major power in the Middle East and Indian Ocean. For 25 years the Shah forced the pace with an instrument forged of two elements a) adopted Western progressivism—which generated energies needing release; and b) inherited Persian authoritarianism—which provided no escape valve. For 25 years he held the fulcrum of past and future in Iran, but finally, when a tiny gap appeared, it widened rapidly, reaching to the spirit of the Shah himself—and he lost the present.

He was again torn—as in his youth—between progressive goals and traditional methods of enforcing order in an unruly land, and he was once again under pressure from abroad, this time from an admonishing United States. In those dream-like months of 1978, ravaged by cancer, he seemed to slip back into the withdrawn indecision that characterized his first decade as Shah. At what point the objective watershed was passed will be debated in history, but, for the Shah himself, the symbolic watershed was his appointment of a military premier in the autumn of 1978, coupled with his simultaneous refusal to allow

the General to use the army to restore order. Those who know say that at the time the Shah's own explanation was that while he put his trust in the army he could not allow it to fire on thousands of the newly educated youth on whom Iran's future depended.

Schizoid? Only in the objective sense that many countries are afflicted with a bifurcation between their inherited roots and their recently learned aspirations; between a traditional organic social structure and a thin overlay of modern mechanistic secularism. The Shah succeeded so well for so long that his sudden descent is particularly stunning. In his personal essence, also, he was the paradigmatic case of traditional/modern bifurcation. For 25 years he held the two opposed forces firmly in balance. No doubt he should have recognized the need for adjustment to match the pace of development. He has paid.

Conversely, we need to recognize that our own democratic forms are only a thin layer on a socio-religious-economic structure three thousand years deep. We cheer every new superficially "democratic" regime and we berate every newly surfaced traditional authoritarian regime, never noticing the underlying rhythm of the cycle. What if we had eschewed perfectionist heckling on human rights in Iran or internal dabbling to neutralize the army (the Huyser mission)? SAVAK is gone and Khomeini's "Hanging Ayatollah" Khalkhali buries men and women up to the chest to be stoned to death. "What difference how they die?" he shrugs.

Enough. The Shah is in a grave in a strange but friendly land where his father once lay—until the son brought the father home. He was alone, as the great of the world turned their backs, but was comforted by what must have been one of the most steadfast friendships since Damon and Pythias. We knew Sadat as a daring statesman, but this episode has illuminated him as one of the extraordinary souls of our time. That this one man should stand firm, although beset himself on all sides, gives reason to hope that the truth will survive the current "double-think," that in time the tide of Iranian bile will recede, washing away those who spewed it out; and that the Shah's contributions to his country will be recognized, and that he may some day be returned to rest in his homeland next to his father. □

Mr. Hannah is a former Foreign Service Officer who has served in Iran, Afghanistan, and in southeast Asia.

Books Arts & Manners

Herb, Ye Hardly Knew Him

KENNETH S. LYNN

Jack: The Struggles of John F. Kennedy

By Herbert S. Parmet

Dial, 586 pp., \$14.95

In spite of his efforts to freshen them up with new details, almost all of the stories that Herbert S. Parmet tells about John F. Kennedy in his recently published biography are quite familiar. The principal disappointment of *Jack*, however, lies not in its reliance on the work of other writers, but rather in the author's inattention to the significance of the tales he has assembled. The numerous errors in English usage in Mr. Parmet's text—"preponderately," "superceded," "unequivocably," "pouring over" instead of "poring over," "disinterested" instead of "uninterested," etc.—are symptomatic of a more general carelessness.

Thus the book begins with the well-known story of Joe Kennedy Jr.'s death on August 12, 1944. Now, even though one of the recurrent themes in Mr. Parmet's early chapters is the rivalry from childhood onward between Joe Jr. and his brother Jack, the biographer seems unaware that that rivalry was essentially a contest for their father's favor and that its intensity was most fully revealed in the very explosion that cost Joe his life. For when Joe volunteered to fly a desperately dangerous mission in a bomber loaded with twenty thousand pounds of high explosives, he had already completed his tour of fifty airborne missions. If he seized on this chance to become, indisputably, a hero, was it not because Jack's much publicized exploits in the South Pacific exactly one year earlier had put him ahead in the race to satisfy their father's demands for high-performance? Old Joe's inconsolable grief at the loss of his namesake was the outcome of a competitive process that he himself had set in motion. Not to perceive that fact is to miss the meaning of the whole first act in the tragedy of the House of Kennedy.

Jack's recapitulation of Jack Kennedy's sex life is equally unperceptive. With a scholarly assiduity that would have impressed Louella Parsons if she had lived to witness it, Mr. Parmet has collected more tidbits about Kennedy's multitudinous involvements with women than any other chronicler. But like

Louella Parsons, Mr. Parmet seems to think that love affairs are so interesting in themselves that they do not need to be analyzed. He might have attempted to enlarge our understanding of Kennedy's compulsive promiscuity by discussing it in the wilder context of his



extraordinarily "cool" personality, but the idea apparently did not occur to him. Nor has he had the wit to connect Kennedy's emotionally superficial relationships with his girlfriends to his emotionally demanding relationship with his parents, or to the womanizing example of his role-model father. Even when Mr. Parmet tells us about the night that Old Joe climbed into bed with Jack's Danish inamorata, Inga Arvad, he manages to sidestep the critical responsibilities of a good biographer. He quotes Miss Arvad's bitter opinion that "a totally amoral situation" obtained in the Kennedy household, and that there was "something incestuous" about the whole Kennedy family, but makes no comment of his own.

During his tragically abbreviated life, John Kennedy had to contend with an appalling array of infections and injuries. Discomfort and pain were his more or less constant companions, as Mr. Parmet effectively demonstrates. Yet while one is again grateful to the biographer for the staggering amount of evidence he has piled up, one again wishes that he had taken the time to ponder its significance. Many of Kennedy's ailments resulted from accidents; others, like his asthma and his gastrointestinal difficulties, were of a sort that are often deemed to be psychosomatic. To what extent, one has to wonder, did Kennedy's invalidism represent an attempt to escape from his father's iron control of his career?

That question is admittedly unanswerable, but merely asking it might have heightened Mr. Parmet's awareness of Old Joe's pitiless implacability, and thereby saved him from making the soggy sentimental argument that Jack

Kennedy's "lifelong struggle for freedom from domination of any kind" was eventually successful. The sight of Jack's suffering had no more of a deterrent effect upon his father's determination to make him President of the United States than Starbuck's humanitarian appeals did upon Captain Ahab's mad pursuit of the white whale. During the senatorial campaign against Henry Cabot Lodge in 1952, Jack was in physical agony, but his father still sent him into the fray; even after the doctors told Jack that Addison's Disease would significantly shorten his life, old Joe did not for a moment consider changing his monomaniacal plans.

In the face of overwhelming evidence of an endless paternal domination, Mr. Parmet argues that Jack's eventual alliance with the sort of egghead liberals that Old Joe had come to despise during the New Deal, plus his public abandonment of various political positions with which his father had been conspicuously associated, constituted a declaration of filial independence. But it was social status, not ideology, that haunted old Joe's imagination. In turning toward liberalism, the son was doing what he had to do to fulfill the father's dream. If Jack had consorted with Communists in order to win the Presidency, he still would have been living the life that Old Joe had outlined for him.

It is one thing to dominate a son; it is quite another to dominate a nation. One of the most cherished Kennedy myths—which Mr. Parmet apparently supports—is that if Young Joe had not died, he would have been the first Catholic to win the Presidency. I myself do not believe this. Young Joe had charm and energy, but he was not nearly as good-looking as Jack, and he did not share his younger brother's bookish-

ness. Between the end of World War II and the election of 1960, the rising power of television combined with the rising prestige of intellectuals to give Jack Kennedy a political opportunity on which his older brother could not have capitalized, no matter how much money their father spent. □

Playing to Win

By Jeff Greenfield

Simon and Schuster, 286 pp.,
\$11.95

THE JOY OF POLITICS

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Jeff Greenfield is one of those ubiquitous chaps who seem to turn up for five minutes a day in every medium. Readers of these pages may know him best as that insufferably bright liberal wise-acre on *Firing Line*, who used to come on at the end of the show to throw a few wicked curves at the guest, and even the host. Currently he shows up on CBS, and in the *New York Times Book Review* and *TV Guide*.

Playing to Win, his answer to Machiavelli's *The Prince*, delights in the actual practice of politics as she is played. It might have been titled *The Joy of Politics*. Its verve and wit and general shrewdness surprised me, because I expected Greenfield, more on generic than individual grounds, to be infected with the liberal reformer's priggishness on the subject. Happily enough, he has something of an Aristotelian readiness to take a large human activity on its own terms.

He has few illusions about democratic politics in the media age. But to say that is to imply that he is also free of the cynic's reductive illusions. As he most freshingly is. From the dust-jacket one is led to expect what Chesterton called the Usual Article: "To gain ground in any debate," he is quoted as saying, "answer the question you want to answer no matter what question they ask." Good, shrewd, but makes the reader think the book may be one more long put-down of pols and the folk who elect them.

In a similar vein, he makes sport of those outsider candidates who attack

the class they aspire to join. Again, good stuff, but suggestive of a rather familiar sort of anti-pol rhetoric.

But just when you suspect he is merely flippant, Greenfield says things like this: "Advertising cannot make of you what you are not, nor can it eradicate those defects in your character and record that pose a threat to your election. The way you choose to present yourself is every bit as much a reflection of your makeup as is your performance in office or your personality." Now that's profound. Its only drawback is its lucidity. If he could cultivate an impenetrable prose style, he would soon win renown as a political scientist.

Greenfield has little patience with easy denigrations of the modern political process: "Nothing is more common during elections years than to see a television commentator taking ninety seconds to explain how shallow sixty-second political commercials are as a method of dealing with issues."

Playing to Win asserts and assumes that campaigns have their own legitimate language, and that even fuzzy slogans, though unsatisfactory to trained philosophers, can be gestures laden with symbolic freight for the electorate. He counsels, from long experience (with John Lindsay, among others), against too much specificity in a campaign's central theme, which should merely aim at the richly evocative; but thinks that specific proposals are generally desirable.

POLLS? He doesn't take much stock in them, but then he doesn't curse them either. He is merely sensible about them. A poll "is a poor predictor, because it is not supposed to be a predictor. It cannot assure you that your candidate who is twenty points ahead in September will win in November, any more than a radar speed check can tell a police office how fast you will be going five miles farther down the road."

Greenfield is keenly interested in TV, on which he has written extensively, but he denies that TV has changed the system all that much. Maybe it hasn't changed things so much for the worse: he shows pretty convincingly that voters really do vote on issues, not only pearly smiles; but I think on his own evidence the importance of a candidate's *demeanor* has increased hugely. Maneuvers like challenging an opponent to debate

David Evanier is a novelist and short-story writer, and a winner of the *Aga Khan Fiction Prize*. . . . **Kevin Lynch** is *Articles Editor* of *NR*. . . . **Kenneth S. Lynn** teaches in the history department at Johns Hopkins. . . . **James M. Rawley** is an Air Force captain, who has contributed essays and poetry to *Commonweal*, *The Nation*, *Saturday Review*, *The Southern Poetry Review*, and other periodicals. . . . **J. O. Tate**, an O'Connor scholar, has written for the *Flannery O'Connor Bulletin*.

have far more resonance than formerly, as do the things said in a debate (like about Poland, say).

Consider S. I. Hayakawa. He illustrates Greenfield's cardinal principle, the "secret of winning campaigns" in fact—namely, "political jujitsu," turning strength into weakness, weakness into strength. "When S. I. Hayakawa told a questioner, 'I don't give a goddamn about dog racing,' that was political jujitsu in action. Instead of bluffing an answer about something he knew nothing about, Hayakawa took the aggressive question and attacked it as unworthy. The effect was very much like running full tilt toward a closed door in an attempt to knock it down, only to have it flung open at the point of impact. It is the lack of resistance that send the attacker completely off balance." Greenfield is firmly of the opinion that candor, from a politician, has this sort of effect. The technique is in no danger of being worn out. Or am I being vulgarly anti-pol?

At the end of the book, the liberal Old Adam makes an unfortunate appearance, in a satirical but strained proposal to reform the system by letting us sell our votes. He thinks this is a spoof on the free-enterprise system. Maybe he's never heard of the Democratic Party. But never mind. This book does what art used to be expected to do: delights and instructs. It makes even its author's virtues forgivable. □

Tactical Nuclear Weapons:

An Examination of the Issues

By William R. Van Cleave and

S. T. Cohen

Crane, Russak, 128 pp., \$10.50

CARTERITIS: Rx

KEVIN LYNCH

Mr. Van Cleave—director of defense and strategic studies at the University of Southern California and a member of the infamous "B Team"—and Mr. Cohen—a physicist best known as the father of the infamous neutron bomb—have produced a unique book. Of all the many books on nuclear weapons published in the U.S., theirs is the only one devoted to the study of tactical nu-

RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE SEPTEMBER TITLES: In *The Winding Passage: Essays and Sociological Journeys 1960-1980* (Abt, \$25), Daniel Bell argues that Marxist theory is not of much use in analyzing the condition of contemporary bourgeois society. The class struggle he believes, has been replaced by the jostlings of various ethnic, religious, and nationalist groups. . . . Studs Terkel's latest foray into oral history is *American Dreams: Lost and Found* (Pantheon, \$14.95), for which he has elicited the reaction of plain people, and others, to the American Dream—a concept which has challenged and baffled many great American minds, from Dr. Hunter S. Thompson to Norman Mailer. . . . Jeremy Bernstein's *Hans Bethe, Prophet of Energy* (Basic, \$11.95) is both biography and essay—an interesting and timely study of the man who helped father the A-bomb and is today a forceful and

iconoclastic proponent of nuclear energy.

Cosima Wagner's Diaries: 1873-1883, Volume II (Harcourt, \$35) is now before the public. Volume I was immensely readable. . . . Susan Sontag's *Under the Sign of Saturn* (Farrar, \$10.95) is a collection of six *New York Review of Books* essays on such diverse subjects as fascist aesthetics, Paul Goodman, and the Rumanian "super-intellectual" Elias Canetti. . . . Bernard-Henri Lévy, one of France's so-called New Philosophers and the author of *Barbarism with a Human Face*, argues that God is not dead, that He is stirring within us all, and that the Bible is today "the book of resistance." Lévy seems to be escalating; are the Capuchins ready for this man?

Loon Lake (Random House, \$11.95), by E. L. Doctorow, is the author's latest installment in his string of quasi-historical novels, which take their place alongside the works of Erica Jong, Joyce Carol Oates, Lillian Hellman, etc., on the shelf of Great American Subclassics. —CW

clear weapons, the ugly duckling of the nuclear family.

Even many scientists said it couldn't be done—said the atomic bomb couldn't be subdivided into units small enough for battlefield use—but by the mid-Fifties the U.S. had developed and produced nuclear weapons designed for deployment in localized military conflicts, i.e., tactical nuclear weapons. Nobody knew it then, but this was the heyday of the American tactical nuclear weapons program. "Not since Eisenhower," say the authors, "has a President declared himself unequivocally, or even very clearly, as to his thoughts on the actual deployment of tactical nuclear weapons." One of the first major policy changes of the Kennedy Administration was to reduce reliance on the new weapons and to increase reliance on conventional forces.

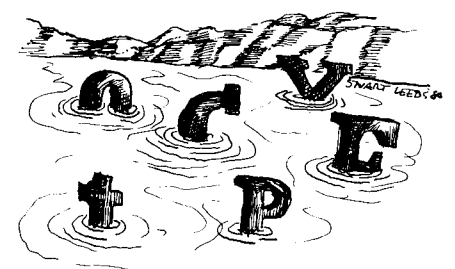
Military doctrine adjusted quickly to the political realities. Whereas in 1957-1958 the Army's Command and General Staff College had 614 annual hours of instruction in nuclear weapons (and even this was considered inadequate in the atomic era), in 1966-1967 there were only 21 hours in "special weapons" instruction.

Ever since the Kennedy Administration, the major U.S. planning assumption for theater nuclear forces has been that any attack by the Warsaw Pact nations will be non-nuclear and will, in

turn, be met by non-nuclear forces. If NATO's conventional forces are unable to contain the attack, *then* NATO, according to the Western scenario, will have the option of going nuclear. The Soviets, of course, will patiently bide their time, perhaps brushing up on their German, while the NATO forces shift into the nuclear mode.

Given NATO's doctrinal emphasis on conventional warfare, it isn't surprising that little time is "wasted" training for a nuclear conflict. Whatever training there is, say the authors, ranges from no less than comical to nonexistent. If the Soviets shared the Western view of the nature of the coming war in Europe, this neglect would be immaterial, but they don't.

Soviet military literature emphasizes that tactical nuclear weapons are the principal means for the conduct of ground warfare. Warsaw Pact troops, Soviet strategist A. A. Sidorenko has written, will overcome the enemy's de-



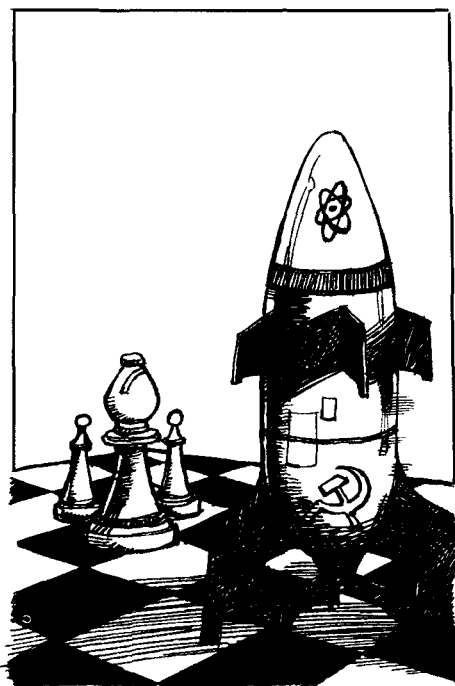
fense "not by 'gnawing through' on narrow sectors and a solid front as was the case in past wars, but simultaneously across a broad front, along axes, from the march, at high tempo, right after nuclear strikes . . ." Despite this and countless similar statements by other Soviet officials, the U.S. doggedly clings to its belief that if and when the Soviets attack, they will do so by conventional means.

Inevitably, tactical nuclear weaponry has suffered the same fate as tactical nuclear doctrine. Back in the Fifties, U.S. officials were receptive to a smaller, discriminate nuclear weapon. Writing in *Foreign Affairs* in 1957, John Foster Dulles typified the prevailing attitude: "Recent tests point to the possibility of possessing nuclear weapons, the destructiveness and radiation effects of which can be confined substantially to targets." But then came Camelot. "Nuclear weapons, even in the lower kiloton ranges," declared Kennedy's Secretary of Defense, Robert McNamara, "are extremely destructive devices and hardly the preferred weapons to defend such heavily populated areas as Europe."

While Cohen, by performing the scientific research that led to the creation of the neutron bomb, proved Dulles technologically prescient, the McNamara school won where it counted—at the policy meetings—and, after all these years, it is still winning. Its most recent victory came in 1978 when Jimmy Carter spurned the neutron bomb.

But it would be inaccurate to say the Dulles school lacks adherents. For at least twenty years the Soviets have concentrated on expanding and improving their tactical nuclear capabilities. Furthermore, it appears that as far back as 1952 they were experimenting with a weapon possessing the same characteristics as Cohen's. Although we know frustratingly little about Soviet tactical nuclear capabilities, we do know that 1) Soviet tactical nuclear systems are newer than those of the U.S., and 2) Soviet weapons have greater ranges and greater versatility than the U.S. systems.

Since the publication of this book, NATO has adopted a policy of up-dating its tactical nuclear weapons. After much arm-twisting, the U.S. persuaded NATO to deploy 572 Pershing II and cruise missiles beginning in 1983. Unfortunately, shortly after NATO agreed to deploy the new missiles, Denmark and the Neth-



erlands began back-tracking and, more recently, West Germany's Chancellor Schmidt is showing symptoms of Carteritis—the disease that manifests itself in uncontrollable fits of vacillation. Meanwhile, the Soviets keep plodding along, deploying one SS-20 mobile missile per week in Eastern Europe. □

SWELL LETTERS

Maybe

By Lillian Hellman

Little, Brown, 106 pp., \$7.95

PERHAPS

DAVID EVANIER

Pages 11 (where the book starts) to 18: There was this and there was that and it's nuts to think about it because you can't really know anything anyway. Sarah Cameron was part of it but she wasn't, because I don't remember much of it. She didn't matter to me and I didn't matter to her, because that was the way it was. I met her or didn't at a *New Yorker* thing given by Wolcott Gibbs. She always denied this, but that was Sarah. "Sarah is Sarah" her husband said and I turned away from that kind of crap talk.

Pages 18 to 41: Ferry Dixon asked me

about my first love, but it was so boring talking to a drunk that I kept ordering the best oysters and caviar, but they weren't anymore, though you kept hoping. Yes, she was right, I remembered Alex. He kept asking me if I wanted to take a bath. Why, why, I asked, do you keep asking me that? It's your odor, he said. Years came and went and 15 years later I was gratified to see Alex in bad shape on Fifth Avenue, punished by life as I had hoped he would be.

When I got married my husband told me I took three baths a day and I said what he was saying was nuts. Something was wrong, very wrong. I sent a cable to my father. The bath stuff was there. I finally asked my husband if I smelled. He said no. But I smelled myself all the time, everywhere. I took trips, slept with an Englishman. Years passed. I smelled babies and other people. It finally went away when I saw Sarah again. She told me that Alex had told her she smelled. Two years later I met Ferry at the lake. I couldn't find a decent inn and was stuck with the likes of her. I wanted to find myself and was furious at the interruption. I had to drink a lot, and she loaded a pipe with a substance new to me.

I was sick of this nut stuff and walked. There was a lot of talk, but I don't remember it. In the morning I awoke in a field and crawled to the hotel where I ordered a raw egg, double sherry, and Worcestershire sauce.

When I saw her that morning, her face was twenty years older. In middle age her face would become bad—simpy and sly. But this was today. She said she'd slept with Alex and he said that I smelled all over. *Smelled.*

Well, I told Ferry I'd had enough of this rich bitch nonsense, just sick of it and had to go.

It is April. A young farmer is beside me in the barn, painting. He said it smelled better already. "What?" I turned. "Do you like smells? All smells?"

He said yes.

"All, all smells?"

"Yah."

"People smells?"

He stopped working.

"Women smells?"

He stared at me. "Do you like my smell? Answer me, you fool."

I've gotten you to page 41, so you

don't need to read that part, and from here you can work your way to page 102, where it stops. Many blank pages follow, thoughtfully provided by the publisher for your note-taking.

What else is there to this thing? Gourmet food, name-dropping (Sam Goldwyn, "Willy" Wyler). The gangster with the heart of gold is Frank Costello, who plunks down five thousand clams because "many good folk had been trapped by the victorious Franco fascists. . . ." You can savor phrases like "forever-deprivation." And there is the humble, tough Aunt Hannah, salt of the earth, with the sum of the world's wisdom, out of old Hellman melodramas.

Miss Hellman covers her tracks. Her italicized sections anticipate the reader: "*Why am I writing about Sarah . . . Although I always rather liked her, she is of no importance to my life and never was. I do not know the truth about her or much of what I write here.*"

These disclaimers do not get her off the hook for foisting on the public this non-book of incidents dimmed at the time they happened by alcoholic haze. Miss Hellman hereby enters the Golden Circle of Fakery alongside old-timers Mailer, Heller, and Coover. Having no book to write, she has made an event of that dismal fact. □

Flannery O'Connor's South
By Robert Coles

Louisiana University Press,
175 pp., \$14.95

ROBERT COLES'S MOUTH

J. O. TATE

Robert Coles is the well-known author of the *Children of Crisis* series as well as works on Erik Erikson and Walker Percy, among others. He says in the introduction to his latest book, consisting of three essays on Flannery O'Connor, that he wrote it to live up to a promise he'd been making to himself for some time. The rest of his book is equally self-referential. He can write, "I count in my library ten books, and two major and widely distributed monographs devoted

to an understanding of her work." This is his count of his library, somehow, and not a bibliographical reference to public information. He asks the question, "How much more critical attention can a couple of dozen stories and two quite slim novels, however brilliantly and originally crafted, manage to sustain—without some recognition from all of us that the time has come for a bit of a pause?" Apparently we must pause after, not before, the publication of yet another book—the one by Robert Coles.

The trembling of anxiety ripples through his text. When he describes the entry of the Displaced Person and the consequent threat to Mrs. Shortley, he expands the reference so widely that we are back again with Coles: "There is always a competitor, we have all learned—in rural Georgia, on Madison Avenue, of course, and it has to be added, within our academic enclaves. Just as someone writing about Flannery O'Connor counts nervously the number of published [*sic*] articles that address that writer's work, so it was that a Georgia mother began to eye suspiciously . . ." etc.

The highly developed specificity of Miss O'Connor's idiomatic fictions will not tether the balloon of Coles's self-regard. Hot air expands. In an excursus on the subject of violence, he notes "the violence of tires that are no good: death on the roads." He also observes "the banality of violence . . . worked into academic feuds, in which careers become cannon fodder for demanding vanities, for unadmitted meanness in desperate search for expression . . ." The desperation of Coles's search for expression drives him to hasty publication, but the twinge of conscience, so expressed as to disarm criticism, does not fail to surface. But what has this to do with Flannery O'Connor's *South*? Nothing.

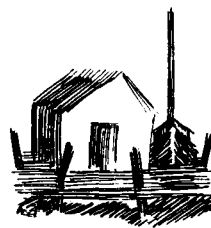
Coles's method is baldly announced: he tries "to come to terms with her work in a small way, drawing upon [his] own work in counties such as Baldwin County, Georgia, where she spent most of her life." This is a statement of deceptive modesty. His book confuses life and art. He will not distinguish between O'Connor's characters and some people he has met. He gives us pages of testimony, religious and political, from one Ruth

Ann Jackson, from a black woman from South Georgia, a black minister, a white voice, a white factory worker in Atlanta, a black Alabama tenant farmer, "an Alabama woman whose skin color was white, whose background was upper-middle-class," "an utterly impoverished white farm hand—a redneck he'd probably be called," a white preacher, an evangelist of 1963, a black woman from Mississippi (also an inveterate evangelist), a ten-year-old black child of New Orleans in 1960, and a white girl of 13, West Point, Mississippi, 1961.

One citation—of a child evangelist—Coles admits is "a reverie." The racial, sexual, economic, and geographical epithets by which Coles classifies these voices come from the same pen that writes "There is something presumptuous and shallow about assigning people to the unqualified imperatives of psychology and sociology."

Coles says that Flannery O'Connor portrayed the South's poor whites and blacks well. He knows she did so because he was there. He is most comfortable "in the field," where his forays into the boondocks glean personal statements he compares to Miss O'Connor's purposeful imaginative projections. Coles's assurance that there really are poor whites and blacks in the South, many of whom believe in God, is intended as homage to Miss O'Connor. At best, Coles explains what does not need explaining. His assumption that Miss O'Connor "knew" the poor in the way that he does is simply wrong. She was isolated by her upbringing, religion, education, and illness. She did not "know" directly: she did not need to. Coles never credits her penetrating imagination or comic sense. If he visited Amherst, he would count butterflies and lightning bolts in order to justify Emily Dickinson. "Who denies of it?" Sairey Gamp would ask.

Coles quotes Miss O'Connor's wisdom: "Where feeling for a story is absent, theory will not supply it," but does not apply it to himself. His humorlessness, his tireless, tiresome rehearsals of his personal history and speculations, will not supply his lack of feel for Miss O'Connor and her work. He mentions her affinity with "the agrarians" [*sic*] more than once; he says that a certain



black woman's sectional pride deserves respect. He later cites "all the Confederate junk, physical and symbolic, that has continued to obsess certain southerners [sic]." But Andrew Lytle, Allen Tate, and Robert Penn Warren—and by extension Caroline Gordon—all much respected by Miss O'Connor, wrote superbly about "Confederate junk." Some sectional pride is more equal than others. Coles's essay on Miss O'Connor's non-existent anti-intellectualism is entitled "A Southern Intellectual." Is Mr. Coles "a Northern intellectual"?

Flannery O'Connor's South is the one she created. *Flannery O'Connor's South* is merely Robert Coles's mouth, a South he solipsistically creates in the act of perceiving. This unindexed study, no better proofread than it should be, contributes nothing to our understanding of Flannery O'Connor and her work. □

Kipling, Auden & Co.

By Randall Jarrell

Farrar, 381 pp., \$17.95

AN AMERICAN ARBITER

JAMES M. RAWLEY

"We are always complaining," wrote Randall Jarrell. "that men of our time cannot unify, take any view of the whole of things." He, too, could not unify. His verse and particularly his prose were shaped by the quickness of his wit. His poems were short and impressionistic. His one novel, *Pictures from an Institution*, was a deliberately static satire on college life, loaded with epigrams and malicious descriptions. As for his criticism, he was, as Leslie Fiedler pointed out, "not quite a critic finally, but rather a 'real reader' joined in a single body to a compulsive talker, who [turned] his conversation into an article . . . without ever losing the sense of breathlessness or the intimacy of the human voice."

So *Kipling, Auden & Co.*, a posthumous, everything-that's-left-over collection of Jarrell's fugitive essays and reviews, does not suffer from its lack of plan or overview. In fact, of all his critical works it is the one which best gives the feeling of his literary times.

The reader begins by noticing—by

being unable not to notice—Jarrell's immense, quotation-compelling aphoristic skill:

There has always been something attractive about Marquand: we like somebody who succeeds with such bad conscience.

If anything is obvious enough it seems almost to give us the right to ignore it.

Today most intellectuals take no risks at all—are, from the cradle, critics.

Pauline Kael's style derives from Jarrell and some passages of this book bring her vividly to mind. Panning Shakespeare's early *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (no target was too high for Jarrell, and he never shied away from attacking the young), he writes,

Modjeska could make people cry by reciting the alphabet in Polish. But would it have worked for Poles? Listening to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* you long for it to be in Polish, Esperanto, baby talk, but it keeps on in English and you keep on understanding every word.

But Kael can be second-guessed by the general public. Poetry, however, has notoriously bad box office, and Jarrell, from the *Partisan*, or the *Sewanee*, or the *Southern*, or whatever academic *Review* he happened to be writing for at the time, wielded an immense amount of power. On the whole, he bore his burden well. He helped bring Frost and Whitman back into high critical favor, and those who continue to find their works in libraries and bookstores may well be grateful to him for that.

Auden and Kipling are the foci of this collection. The Kipling essays are better, more finished, works. But the Auden articles are more interesting.

Jarrell's relation to Auden is fascinat-

ing in itself. Auden was born in 1907, Jarrell in 1914. Jarrell worshipped Auden's early poetry. Auden was in England what Jarrell was in America: arbiter of a dying poetic tradition. Auden's role was easier to play. The English like poetry better, and English poets like having a leader better.

When Auden came to America in 1939, he left behind him his position as unofficial poet laureate of the English Left. His desertion (many of his countrymen, facing Hitler, perceived the departure that way) also involved a repudiation: he rewrote many of the poems of his youth, and adopted a continuously more frivolous attitude toward himself as a poet.

Jarrell's reviews document this self-assassination, from 1940's *Another Time* to 1955's *The Shield of Achilles*. He is devilish about the latter work:

"A culture is no better than its woods," Auden writes. Fortunately for him, a book of poetry can be better than its poems. Two-thirds of *The Shield of Achilles* is non-Euclidean needlepoint. . . . It is, in a sense, a waste of great, the greatest powers; but who wastes power if he can keep from wasting them?

Jarrell is at his best in sections like this, where good and bad, sociology and aesthetics, must be kept in balance not only with ease but with unhesitating conviction as well. His discussion of how Yeats managed to achieve a powerful writing stance by adopting an absurd worldview, though controversial—as the defense of any such paradox must be—is masterly. So is his discussion of the influence of Kipling's childhood on the form of his conservatism.

For lagniappe, there are the gleeful hatchet jobs: on Archibald MacLeish,



on Joyce Kilmer, on poets who were never heard of again. Jarrell was cruel in pursuit of his ideals, and time has been cruel to him. Though only 15 years have passed since his death, his generation of American poets is already perceived as fragmented in its aspirations, disappointing in its achievements.

That generation is in this book, at its wittiest and most intelligent, and more consistently entertaining than one is likely to find it elsewhere. □

DELECTATIONS

BOTTLED IN BULGARIA

NIKA HAZELTON

I recently spent a couple of weeks traveling around Bulgaria, looking at vineyards and wineries, and enjoying many pleasant surprises. Two other wine writers and I had been invited by the American wine merchants, M. Henri Wines, to see how that firm's latest foreign imports—a white Pinot Chardonnay and a red Cabernet, both under the Trakia label—were made. (These wines, incidentally, are nice to drink and excellent buys, retailing for less than \$2.50.)

We traveled around the country in a minibus and a black Russian Volga sedan, on excellent roads planted with fruit trees (the cherries were ripe then) beyond which stretched endless wheat and tobacco fields, as well as vineyards as big as a county. The sun shone in a blue sky and the country was filled with roses of every color and size; we were told that the two sides of a village's main road must be planted with roses, and indeed they always were.

Our guide—a charming man, and touchingly concerned about our comfort—was the Export Director of Vinimpex, the export division of Vinprom, the state monopoly that controls the whole production of wine and spirits. He served as our interpreter (Bulgarian is a Slavic language related to Russian and, like Russian, written in the Cyrillic alphabet), and he spoke English as fluently as any American. The other wine people we met, who were also very good to us, seldom spoke English, but were

on comfortable terms with French or German. (I must say here that we only talked about wine and cultural subjects, avoiding the sordid facts of politics—Bulgaria is Russia's Little Brother and one of the most solidly Communized states in the Soviet Bloc.)

None of us Americans had any idea that the Bulgarians make such a variety of wines, and such good wines, of every kind: white, red, dry, sweet, aperitifs, champagne, and excellent grape and plum brandies. Ninety per cent of the country's product is exported, mainly to Russia and other Communist countries, but West Germany and England are also very important customers. Bulgaria is now the fifth largest wine exporter in the world.

The vineyards we saw were enormous expanses of vines—some in flat country, others in rolling hills. The vines are scientific plantings cultivated entirely by machinery, but to our surprise the grapes are picked by hand, and we gathered that practically every man, woman, and child must turn out in the fall to pick them. All the main Western varieties of grape are cultivated—Chardonnay, Riesling, Sylvaner, Cabernet, and the like—as are the native varieties such as Dimiat and Misket, and the Russian grape Rzczaziteli, which make excellent dry white wines. There are also the plummy Mavrud and the Gamza, which, to our mind, made the best typically Bulgarian reds. What's especially interesting about the Bulgarian wine industry is its recent origin; in its present form it dates only from the late Forties, after

World War II virtually did it in. There is no tradition of small wineries, as there is in France, Italy, or Portugal: the Moslem Turks who ruled Bulgaria until a hundred years ago allowed individuals to make their own wine but not to sell it. We were told people still do act as their own vintners and we could easily believe it: grape arbors are part of the surroundings of every rural house.

The wineries that we visited were impressive both in their modern equipment and in the professionalism of their directors. In every winery we tasted some of the wines, and we admired the way the tastings were set up, with fact sheets containing all the pertinent information. We were permitted to ask any questions we wanted, no matter how technical, and were free to express our opinions. We were the first American journalists to visit the industry, and because it is a major currency-earner and the Bulgarians are anxious to please American wine-drinkers, we had some fascinating and, I think, useful discussions (our hosts were not aware, for example, that Americans don't go in for sweet wines as do the Germans and Russians). And though the industry is state-run, I never had the feeling of a state hand resting heavily on the vineyards.

THE BULGARIANS know that they have the capacity to make enormous quantities of good wines. They also know that, so far, they have not made any of the really fine wines that have brought fame to the wine industries of France, Italy, and Germany. Since mass production does not make for fine wines, the Bulgarians have recently started encouraging small wineries, of the kind we find in California and Europe. We saw one such small winery, and it seemed like home after the big arrays of tanks and the endless assembly-line bottling of some of the others we had visited. Most of the wineries were very pretty, with gardens filled with roses and shade trees, and—we ate our lunches there—good canteens.

Bulgaria is divided into nine wine regions, each with its own specialties, since the same grape variety produces quite different wines in different growing regions. Vineyards and wineries are largely part of conglomerate agricultural enterprises which raise wheat, sheep, cattle, and other farm products. When we were there, people were har-



vesting strawberries, tomatoes, and cherries; I never had better strawberries in my life.

Because I did not expect to be back in Bulgaria very soon, I stayed on for an extra week after our tour was finished and traveled around the country to see Thracian tombs, medieval monasteries, picturesque cities, and the Valley of Roses, where they make the rose oil that is worth its weight in gold—of which, more later. □

The GIMLET EYE

TARGET-SHOOTING

D. KEITH MANO

I run a fast autopsy. Silhouette, male. Cause of death: multiple bullet wounds. In liver, spleen, stomach; in the thick intestinal maze: croaked but good. The .38 rounds ticket-punch a clean and quite irrefutable hole: on paper at least. I hold the spooky flat corpse up—does this image stand for that dark wall-scaler, alley-waiter we all fear? The man who gunned him down has SUNOCO—I CAN BE VERY FRIENDLY written across his T-shirt back. Sunoco is one of ten snipers who fire at will: each in a glass-doored gun port. NO SMOKING. NO ONE UNDER 18 ALLOWED W/O PARENT. NO FOOD OR DRINK. The whole shooting match is strict and prig-neat. Everyone has to wear eye shield plus soundproof earphone set: they remind me of test-listeners at a music store: but that big crack in the record can get to you: blam, blurt-blurt. Silhouette targets return gun-port-ward, like wash on a line, drawn along by motor pulley and DOA. I'm in the Garfield Target Range. Garfield, N.J. Some unnoted irony to that. No one here. I guess, remembers the first Garfield target and Charles J. Guiteau.

Blat, pause. blat, pause-pause, blat, pause-longer pause, blam, blat, bab'blat. The pauses in particular deafen and annoy: like waiting for a sick child to cough again at night. My cord is taut. Yet Garfield has the ambiance of some long-stalemated skirmish line: companionable, not over-serious: where enemy and enemy have been introduced by that best ice-breaker, death. There are antique rifles for sale: German and

Japanese WWII gear, even an Iranian long tool from 1949. They look gnarled, murderous: sweat of old hate on wood. But probably, as a veteran will, they lie about their kills. Garfield, though, is handgun passionate. You can rent here (with just a local driver's license); but the average .38 or .45 will go suburbanly home: to live beside tricycle and lawnmower and second car. Mr. Sunoco has come out now: seven holes grouped, gutshot in the black. I smile at him. I can be very friendly, too.

"The kind of people that come here, they run the gamut from white-collar to blue-collar, lawyer to sanitation man." Tom Dickinson operates Garfield: Dickinson is a moonlit civil servant. I try to draw him out: on the matter of aggressiveness. "You become aggressive, that's when you start shaking. You just have to go in there and be calm. It's no different from bowling: people come here for the sport and the competition. Many of the shooters bring their wives and girlfriends. They're quite competent shooters." Ba-blat-blam. "Actually it's quite soothing after a long day's work." The Zen of trigger-happiness.

Yet—do I misjudge?—Dickinson appears at half-cock. His bicep is fretful: it will shiver when he breaks a gun open. And Dickinson has his own side-arm holstered on. The Garfield Range, you see, is itself a target: stolen guns hedge against inflation. Behind this counter, not long ago, a Garfield employee was shot dead: by teenage kids after illegal firepower. I ask Dickinson about gun legislation. "People who go out and buy an illegal handgun—well, they have one thought in mind, as far as I'm concerned—and that's to use it in some way they're not supposed to. They should be put away."

AY-MEN, Brother Dickinson. On most afternoons, when I'm home, you'll meet a strict constructionist. But Amendment II, that much-benighted "right to bear arms," should be read in clear context. Let me refresh your head: "A well-regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms, shall not be infringed." "Keep and bear" depend on "militia." Ransack *The Federalist Papers*: not once will Madison or Hamilton or Jay recommend a guaranteed home arsenal. Their concern, in the



self-defense department, is with standing armies, thought then to be subversive of freedom. Since we now have at least a sitting armed force, Amendment II is obsolete as grapeshot. Moreover, the Saturday Night Special of 1789 didn't conceal itself well in your redingote pocket: and it had just one shot (the Colt revolver dates from about 1835). Registration may indeed be infringing: then again, dum-dum bullets through the peristalsis aren't my idea of an inalienable right either.

Still, they are beautiful guns. Never has form so glibly followed function. They conspire with a palm. Guns are the immediate extension of anger: casual and quick as a thought obscenity. We'd all be murderers if each cheap instant of pique were enacted at once. This is the futurist hand: a sixth finger with immoderate reach. It'd take conviction or a pretty madness, manual effort also, to stab someone out of life. But guns are impassive: antiseptic prostheses for fury: they go-between. The saying, "It's impolite to point," came, I'm sure, from that dynamic line of vile energy: an implicit assault. It is all too simple with guns: third-party stuff: murder, if worth doing, deserves a more personal touch. I mean, where has our spirit of craftsmanship gone? Certain events—marriage, childbirth, killing—should not be delegated away.

"The people who come here, they're legitimate. They've gone to the police station and given three sets of fingerprints: they've been checked out. Whether they want a gun for target shooting or protection—if they go

through proper channels, acquire their permit and get it registered, then I feel they're entitled and there should be no restriction on them."

Maybe so. In New York State, as you read this, possession of an illegal gun will be worth one mandatory year behind the big fire grate. Good start, I think: but not enough. It should be five mandatory for drawing an unregistered gun with criminal intent. Ten for shooting. Twenty for a wound. And for murder: a short lifetime pass to the Garfield Target Range. Out in front: where the silhouettes hang. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

OUT OF CONTROL, by G. Gordon Liddy (*St. Martin's*, 307 pp., \$10.95). It is virtually impossible to separate this novel from the enigmatic persona that its controversial author has assumed. And though his protagonist is a blond Aryan, the dark visage of a glowering Gordon Liddy and the code of honor which earned him four and one-half years of hard prison time hovers broodingly overhead. Which is why this book will probably be ignored by most of the press and roasted by the remainder who maintain their ideological "watch on the Rhine." Unfortunate—for this tale of a rogue who is lured by the CIA to ferret out a Soviet operative intending to seize control of one of America's multinational corporations is rather engaging. Once you digest a coalition of the hero's Mafia in-laws and the United Tongs, who are provided by his Chinese girlfriend, the aerial denouement over Manhattan goes down rather smoothly. And lest Blackie Oakes take offense, his creator is duly included in the finale. Some of the dialogue is rough, and the title would be more appropriate as a characterization of the Carter Administration. Yet the story works, because Liddy has the wry perception that accrues to a professional, and a casualty, of the system.

ALAN L. MILLER

THE ECONOMICS OF THE TAX REVOLT: A Reader, edited by Arthur B. Laffer and Jan P. Seymour (*Harcourt Brace*, 138 pp., \$4.95). This book may ease the pain of any economics student stuck with Samuelson. Designed as a supplementary college text, it is a collection of essays commenting on that marvelous movement to cut taxes. Many of the pieces are incisive reprints from the *Wall Street Journal*, whose editorial page became a major forum for the debate. Irving Kristol is included; so are *Journal* types Jude Wanniski and Paul Craig Roberts, Harvard professor Martin

Feldstein, and USC professor Arthur Laffer (this book's co-editor and the namesake of the Laffer Curve). These are the advocates of what has become known as "supply-side economics"—a fancy name for a markedly freer economy with incentive to produce. They are pitted against the Keynesians (e.g., Walter Heller), who actually believe that people work harder and invest more the more they are taxed. They debate the Kemp-Roth bill, the Laffer Curve, Proposition 13, capital-gains taxes, and President Carter's original energy plan. It is more or less a rout.

PAUL A. GIGOT

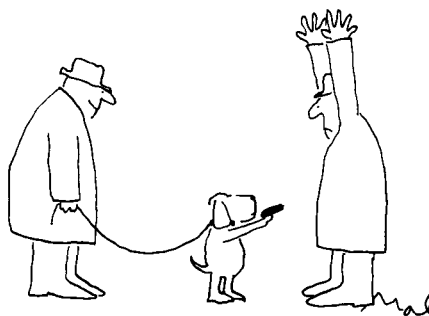
THE BASS SAXOPHONE, by Joseph Skvorecky (*Knopf*, 209 pp., \$8.95). One would not think that jazz, the musical expression of fornication, could be counter-revolutionary. Communism, and Fascism before it, have made it so in real life. The epigraph to this book quotes poet Langston Hughes: "But jazz is decadent bourgeois music," I was told, for that is what the Soviet Press has hammered into Russian heads. 'It's my music,' I said, 'and I wouldn't give up jazz for a world revolution.'" The leitmotif is the music of the anachronistic bass saxophone, no avant-garde instrument, but a dinosaur left over from German musical history, fallen into the hands of raggle-taggle jazz maniacs. This lumbering musical equivalent of a Junker bomber is here a symbol of all the wild music outlawed by Nazis and Reds. In a remarkable preface, Skvorecky, a defector and now a professor at the University of Toronto, documents a wondrous anti-jazz Decalogue issued by a German Gauleiter, binding on all dance orchestras. It is a worthy contribution to the history of music. Among its strictures are: "at most 10 per cent syncopation; the remainder must be of a natural legato movement devoid of the hysterical reverses characteristic of the music of the barbarian races . . . also prohibited are the so-called drum breaks longer than half a bar in four-quarter beat . . . the double bass must be played solely with the bow . . . plucking the strings is prohibited . . ." (What pertains to the title of this book is the restriction on "saxophones of all keys.") When this Decalogue was published in Czechoslovakia's first jazz almanac, "the censors

of an entirely different dictatorship confiscated the entire edition." The script of a film based on all this—the first film by Milos Forman—"was personally banned by the man who was at that time the power in the country, President Novotny [the Communist boss]. Why? Because the decrees of the old Gauleiter were once again in force, this time in the land of the victorious proletariat." To go with the counter-revolutionary message, Skvorecky writes in a counter-involutionary style, rich as the architecture of Austria and Gaudí's Barcelona. When he writes of his music he is not, to use Boethius's distinction, a mere possessor of *peritia*, of technical skill; he has true *sapientia*. *Embouchure* is not his concern: the effect of the music (even when demented) concerns him as universal novelist. And he does *know* the difference. His music is "not a gate of art," it may even be "lacking in profundity or exalted emotion" he concedes. He is not writing about music as art, but music as life. Every page yields rococo sentences of bittersweet poignancy.

ANTHONY KERRIGAN

AMONG FRIENDS: The Personal Letters of Dean Acheson, edited by David S. McLellan and David C. Acheson (*Dodd, Mead*, 314 pp., \$17.95). I know by rote, as does any good conservative, the sins of Dean Acheson. Yet more often than he was wrong, he was right, and he expressed his views with such arrogance, such withering condescension, that he frequently reduced his opponents to blithering incoherence and eternal enmity. This book is an edition of his personal letters. Of his early years and his time in public office, there is little; the name Alger Hiss appears not once. But in semi-retirement, from 1953 onward, Acheson let loose in his personal correspondence with barrages of the most enraging and engaging observations. On Henry Kissinger (1957): ". . . the damned cuss has brains and has thought a lot. How well I want to know . . ." He was disappointed in John Kennedy (an "Indian snake-charmer"), Dean Rusk, and Lyndon Johnson. By President Nixon and the people in his Administration, he was surprised: ". . . good men, intelligent, high-minded . . ." History's players from Oliver Wendell Holmes to William C. Westmoreland move through these letters like ducks in a shooting gallery, and Acheson rarely misses. At its best, his prose is reminiscent of that of certain conservative harpsichordists I have known. As for his statesmanship, well, remember Cy Vance telling us how we do not really need "Chrodesian rhyme," and yearn for the likes of Acheson. As he himself once wrote of his mentor, Louis D. Brandeis: "Suppose he has been the subject of some indiscriminating praise. He is worthy of the urge which led to it."

JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY



WE ARE beginning to get a series of books that probe the true objectives of the "new elite"—the folks who have been imposing no-growth regulation on our lives and turning off our energy supplies.

Meyer provides an overview of the no-growth cult in all its guises, showing that its anti-business, anti-science, and anti-energy divisions form a coherent, and dismaying, pattern. What we are dealing with, on his evidence, is a group of over-educated illiterates who, comfortably well off themselves, are distressed that other people should be out there scrambling to make some money, construct new housing, or provide new jobs.

Complacency and economic ignorance, however, are not the whole of the story. The anti-growth agitation has a sharp, and ugly, ideological edge—honed on the academic theories of the Left. Its votaries are moved by a passionate distaste for capitalism, as well as by a selfish desire to hog the perks of

Evidence to support the point is offered by Thomas Hazlett in *The California Coastal Commission and the Economics of Environmentalism*, published by International Institute for Economic Research (available from Green Hill Publishers, Ottawa, Ill. 61350; \$1.25). This study, which has an introduction by Professor Friedan, reviews the workings of the California body that since the early 1970s has regulated land development along, or near, the state's Pacific coastline. The results, as Hazlett gives them, appear to be horrendous.

In keeping with Friedan's earlier documentation, Hazlett finds the main effect of coastal regulation has been to slow or halt development through a stringent, and capricious, system of controls. The chief result of this, in turn, has been to push up the value of land already developed while causing the value of blocked-off land to plummet. Those who happened to get in before the advent of controls enjoy an enormous windfall, while those less fortunate are stuck with losses and are barred from better housing.

THE INJUSTICE is aggravated because those already in position can influence the regulatory process to extend their advantage even further—e.g., preserving amenities (such as the view of a neighbor's undeveloped property) that makes their holdings more valuable still. Such regulation also injures lower-income people because the average citizen cannot afford the lawyers and consultants needed to lobby a project through the regulatory minefield, but large developers can. From such researches it becomes increasingly clear that what is nowadays called protecting the environment is, in fact, the protection of economic and social privilege. □

by

Foreword by

Dr. Leonard M. Greene

- describes 633 state and local “welfare” programs
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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

KENNETH McDONALD:

On Opportunity

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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Now Do You Understand?

On The Right

New York, July 29—Let's see now. As these words are written, Carter has contradicted himself twice, Civiletti has contradicted himself once, Brzezinski and Rosalynn have done a *pas de deux* in the Rose Garden in the moonlight, Jody has denounced third-rate accusations, Jimmy has cabled the Shah's widow offering condolences while carefully omitting any word of praise for the late Shah, whose departure was hailed by his benevolent successors in Iran as the end of the "bloodsucker," in a statement that included the reiteration of Iranian resolve to keep the hostages, whose term of captivity we forgot because Walter Cronkite wasn't on last night, and the Democrats, or most Democrats, are preparing to renominate for re-election the incumbent President about whom the most that can be said was said by Henry Kissinger keynoting the Republican convention in Hartford over the weekend, to wit that President Carter delivered his first foreign-policy address to the American people wearing a sweater, which at least proves that he pulled the wool over his own eyes before going on to do it to the rest of us. Have I forgotten anything?

YES. It is the extraordinary turn of mind that persuaded the President of the United States last November and December to think to appeal to the Ayatollah through the good offices of Qaddafi of Libya. It is altogether stranger than fiction.

The ten-year dictatorship of Qaddafi is a tribute to the longevity of madmen. Although to say that Qaddafi is mad is to reach out for a charitable explanation of his behavior. He has made his country the principal sanctuary of terrorists. To his shores he has welcomed the killers of the Israeli athletes, hijackers, assassins, torturers, executioners. It was to Libya that Idi Amin went, after Libyan attempts to save his regime failed.

Now it transpires that on November 18, 1979, President Carter resolved to appeal to the Ayatollah to release our hostages through the good offices of—Qaddafi. It was bad enough to send Ramsey Clark to Teheran, but to ask the besotted Billy to ask the Libyan Chargé to ask Qaddafi to ask the Ayatollah kindly to release fifty American diplomats suggests a structural

incompetence in our foreign policy. Qaddafi paused over this suggested initiative, and then his agents sacked and burned our embassy in Tripoli. The President, having contacted the Libyan government not through his own Chargé in Libya (Secretary Vance knew nothing about all this) but through a paid lobbyist for the Libyan government, called in the Libyan representative in Washington to thank him for sending the same message to Khomeini that every other government, including the Soviet Union's, had sent, urging the hostages' release. What surely caught the attention of Khomeini was not that Libya routinely signed the same petition every other government signed, but that the United States was depending so heavily on a country of two million people presided over by the fanatical godfather of worldwide terrorism, to appeal to the saner instincts of the Ayatollah; which, in any case, remain elusive to this moment.

The chronology is, to say the least, bewildering. On November 18 Mr. Carter asks Brzezinski to contact Billy. On November 20, Brzezinski does so, requesting Billy to arrange a meeting with a senior diplomat at the Libyan embassy. On November 27, Brzezinski meets with said Libyan and Billy. One week later, the President himself calls in the Libyan to thank him—*notwithstanding* that on December 2, the Libyans had ransacked our embassy. A day or two after Carter's thanking the Libyan, his State Department suspends our representation in Libya. Five days after *that*, Qaddafi withdraws his threat to suspend oil shipments to the United States, on the ground that the re-election of Carter will bring closer relations.

It is one thing for the President to send out a circular letter to all chiefs of state urging group action on behalf of international rectitude. Another to operate through a lobbyist, the object of bilateral patronage, in that the government of Libya is trying to keep Billy rich, while the government of the United States is trying to keep Billy out of jail. Perhaps the Senate investigating committee will agree to pay the government of Libya \$200,000 to take Billy and keep him on some reservation over there. This would no doubt be

proclaimed as a triumph of Carter's diplomacy, and why not, there being no others that come readily to mind? □

ESQUIRE VERSUS REAGAN

New York, July 20—One of those Freud-types wrote that in every man there is a trace of sad-

ism. I have managed for years to fancy myself free of this vice, but this morning, reading the anti-Reagan press, I renounce my sinlessness. Begin with the August issue of *Esquire* magazine: The cover is a picture of Reagan in an old movie, cocked pistol in his grip. The cover text: "We warned you about JOHNSON. We warned you about NIXON. We warned you about CARTER. Now will you please listen to us about REAGAN?"

Now, *Esquire* is a spritely magazine, but it is difficult to remember any recent political or social crisis the solution to which was promulgated by *Esquire*. The magazine's own difficulties, by the way, trace substantially to the ravages of inflation. *Esquire* is determined not to save Reagan, but Reagan may, while tending the national shop, end by saving *Esquire*—for which we would all be grateful.

How does one go about attacking Reagan? The very best way is to engage in those simplifications one routinely charges Reagan with being guilty of. Listen to how the *Esquire* writers described Reagan backer Milton Friedman: "The cuddly bear of the Right. Anti-Keynesian, pro-laissez-faire economist. Markets conservatism as trend. Credited with major theorizing behind Nixon economic policies. Provided ammunition for Proposition 13." The cuddly bear in question is responsible for turning economic theory around throughout the economically literate world. He received the Nobel Prize, publicly bemoaned the most conspicuous economic policies of Mr. Nixon, served as president of the American Economic Association, has great respect for Keynes, and is not a bit cuddly—I know, because I cuddled him once in front of a large audience.

But you catch the tune. It is relentless. To tell us what President Reagan would do to us, the editors approach no less a prophet than Garry Wills, who in his introduction to the memoirs of Lillian Hell-

man managed to place the blame for the cold war not on Stalin but on Truman. Wills on the subject of Reagan sounds like George Wallace on the subject of pointy-heads. "Reagan croons, in love accents, his permission to indulge a functional hatred of poor people and blacks." Wills, who a dozen years ago all but recommended pre-emptive war against the Soviet Union, isn't the least bit scared of Soviet Communism these days, now that the Soviets have achieved nuclear superiority. But he is *terribly* scared by Reagan. "That, of course, is the scary thing about Reagan: that he does not scare us," Garry elucidates. As for flat predictions, Wills says it—with Mr. Reagan will come the end of the world. "Reagan is the calm eye of history's hurricane: and we hope, by moving with it, never to slip toward the edges and to chaos. But we will." Those who wish to address farewell communications to him can reach Professor Wills in care of The Department of Apocalypse, Johns Hopkins, Baltimore.

THEN *Esquire* offers us Gore Vidal, the high statesman who believes that in order to conceive a child one should have the express permission of the Federal Government. This plank has not, by the way, yet made its way into the Democratic platform. Vidal tells us that Reagan is controlled by the Chase Manhattan Bank. But then so were Johnson, Nixon, Ford, and Carter, and if you don't believe Vidal, you can always get confirmation from *Pravda*. You see, money is everything. "Faced with a choice between loss of money and loss of honor and good sense, Banksman Carter chose not to lose money." Henry Kissinger is "the sort of gung-ho employee who's always eager to start a war or to improve the bank's balance sheet." "To keep profits high," American banks "decided to keep the country on a permanent wartime footing. Loyal Banksman Harry S. Truman deliberately set out to fight the American people." Don't ever say *Esquire* magazine didn't warn you.

Another thing about Reagan is he won't do what is obviously necessary, which is tax the churches out of existence. Gore Vidal is a devouter atheist than scholar. To suggest that there was something like a fraternity among the Founding Fathers on the subject of religion he quotes John Adams who in a letter to Jefferson wrote, "Twenty times, in the course of my late reading, have I been on the point of breaking out, 'This would be the best of all possible worlds, if there were no religion in it.'" All that Vidal left out is a) Adams (the letter was dated April 19, 1817) was quoting not his own final sentiments about religion, but the exasperations to which he was sometimes driven by sectarian

strife; b) Adams ended the quotation with three exclamation marks (!!!)—to suggest the infamy of the thought. And c) Adams finished by saying, "Without religion this world would be something not fit to be mentioned in polite company, I mean, Hell."

At least we can all agree that if Reagan isn't more discriminating than *Esquire*, he deserves to lose. □

ON IMPOVERISHED SPIRITS

New York, Aug. 6—One despairs over the lost arts of communication.

I sit here and read, again and again, a copy of a letter addressed to George Bush by a brilliant Washington attorney giving the reasons why at this juncture, desperate though he is over the shortcomings of Carter, he cannot bring himself to vote for Reagan. The letter is long, but the gravamen of the complaint is embodied in two sentences. "The relatively trivial platform provision on judicial selection says it all—a know-nothing and pointless excess that, even to those who oppose abortion, reflects the impoverished spirit that drafted and adopted it. As even James J. Kilpatrick has observed about that provision, 'the plank reflects an abysmal misunderstanding of the role of an independent judiciary.'"

A few observations:

1. Critics should note that the Republican plank on the judiciary, as drafted in Washington before Detroit, included a comprehensive criticism of President Carter's choice of judges. "We pledge," the drafters wrote, "to reverse that deplorable trend through the appointment of women and men who respect and reflect the values of the American people, and whose judicial philosophy is characterized by the highest regard for protecting the rights of law-abiding citizens and is consistent with the beliefs in the decentralization of the Federal Government and efforts to return decision-making power to state and locally elected officials." That was always there, and nobody from the Republican establishment objected to it. Was that an offense against an independent judiciary? The most independent judiciary, one supposes, would feel free to ignore the Constitution of the United States. It is the complaint of many Republicans—Reagan is one, and there are millions of us—that that is what many judges have been doing. And we are not alone. Every Supreme Court Justice has made the identical charge from time to time about his brothers.

2. It was a quote unquote independent judiciary that, in 1973, upset a two-hundred-year-old American tradition that had vested in the individual states the author-

ity to devise laws regulating abortion. That decision, written by Justice Blackmun, is probably the worst stretch of legal reasoning since the *Dred Scott* decision. Even those who favor abortion—to paraphrase my indignant friend—are embarrassed by its juridical and historical solecisms. The decision has been intellectually destroyed by Professor John T. Noonan Jr. of the law school of the University of California at Berkeley in his unanswerable book, *A Private Choice*. It is unconscionable to suggest that men and women who believe that unborn children are human beings should consider the matter too trivial, or too tendentious, to raise in considerations of judicial appointments. We live in an age where it is thought absolutely proper, indeed imperative, to ask a prospective judge whether he belongs to a country club that has no black members, or whether he plays poker at a club that excludes women—that's okay. But to ask a judge whether he believes in the "sanctity of innocent human life" is considered constitutionally extortionate.

3. And anyway, what does my friend Mr. Kilpatrick mean on this business of an independent judiciary? The courts have been ideologized, Right and Left, for generations. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the spiritual godfather of American liberalism, tried to pack the Supreme Court and, if memory serves, he was forgiven by my indignant friend's spiritual progenitors. The mere mention of the name Earl Warren, who is making his way to Mount Rushmore, suggests the virtues of something we call "judicial activism." My friend should know that if there's going to be activism, there is going to be counteractivism. If you have judges who are going to decide whether children can be aborted, whether prayers can be said at school, whether men can be drafted unless women are drafted, whether a voting district is substantially enough represented in a legislature, whether a state can execute a convicted criminal, which bus to which school your child is to be assigned—then you are going to have people looking for judges whose values coincide with their own. Surely it is far from "trivial" or "pointless" or "impoverished" to put forward a statement of principle about claimants to membership in the human race in a document that concerns itself among other things with how many color television sets should be imported. It leaves one breathless that there are those who misunderstand this. The notion that a return to the abortion laws pre-1973 would devastate the country in a way in which four more years of Carter would not suggests a severe dislocation of perspective. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

DEFINITIONS

- A. Bureaucratose for crew cut
- B. A pronoun that interests us
- C. Illegal drugs
- D. One of the national governmental departments
- E. Organizations that comprise a large minority in this country
- F. Relies
- G. These look nice on a young lady's fingers, but not in a bathtub
- H. Australian birds (sounds like Greek letters)
- I. What the Japanese count on
- J. A scheme to grow marijuana?
- K. What the Soviet Union will not send to the Olympics
- L. A flower surrounding Abraham's home town
- M. Builds a lawn

25 37 59 49 94 66 132 210 69 1

47 84 86 93 169 184

30 33 55 135 192 85 146 27 91

152 129 196 61 109 202 67 45 34

170 144 158 180 195 17 78 133 88 107

116

178 16 142 83 28 81 190 7 92 36

64

209 147 157 131 193 20 68

52 35 2 185 18

62 121 110 38

5 21 76 87 10

80 148 137 39 111 175 211 8 194

95 205 213 199 151 123 57 29

171 79 89 154 96 114 124 134 138 150

201 166 99 48

- N. Own
- O. What the tide sometimes does
- P. This should be taught in every school
- Q. Smart
- R. Government has made a mess of this
- S. Tendered
- T. A city, county, and state of the U.S.
- U. A British dandy
- V. Dancers
- W. Another new governmental agency
- X. The seat of Elko County, Nev.
- Y. A fertilizer
- Z. Groups of eight each
- a. Socialist leader Thomas' standard
- b. Leave out
- c. PARTY MONEY COIL
- d. A Filipino toy

128 58 139 168 51 215 97

19 32 100 11

140 167 60 15 206 153 159 204 42

160 212 125 187 200 63

183 162 174 53 73 9 172

186 3 118 188 126 161 141

207 82 23 103 13 189 74

90 54 181 112

155 173 176 163 197 119 104

41 177 98 214 164 208

75 4 26 46

115 122 191 77 165 127 105

120 136 6 106 14 117

12 24 31 40

43 50 65 71

102 113 149 156 182 198 44 22 56 70

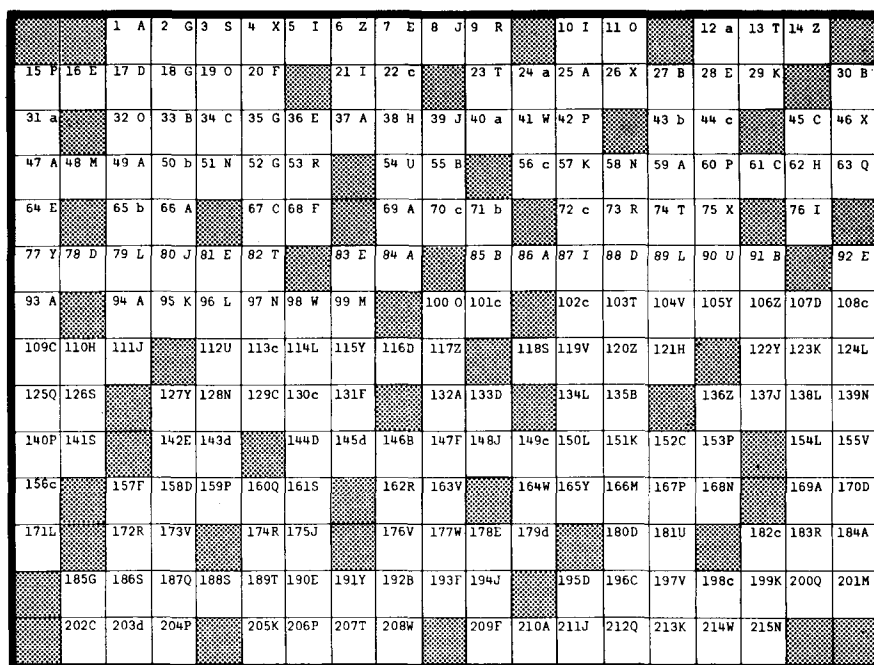
72 108 130 101

143 145 179 203

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the end of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 1038 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



HOW TO SAVE FUEL DURING YOUR SUMMER VACATION

ENGINE TUNING, TIRE PRESSURE, AND HOW YOU DRIVE MAKE A BIG DIFFERENCE.

You're sure to be on the move this summer. With gas more expensive, you may find helpful a few simple reminders on the best ways to get maximum mileage. They won't take a lot of time, and may save you a fair amount at the gas pump.

A car that is properly tuned and maintained will be the most fuel-efficient. Newer GM cars require less routine maintenance than older ones, but all cars require some periodic check-ups. Fouled spark plugs, improper spark timing or clogged oil and air filters all can reduce mileage significantly. So be sure to follow the maintenance program in your GM Owner's Manual and Maintenance Schedule.

Underinflated tires waste lots of gas. Tires that are too soft have a higher rolling resistance, which forces the engine to work harder and to use more fuel. So have the tire pressures checked periodically, or use a tire gauge yourself, to be sure your tires are inflated to the pressure recommended in the GM Owner's Manual.

Use your air conditioner prudently. Whenever possible, use the vent position on the air conditioner to circulate air; it's not only quieter and cleaner than opening the windows all the way, but your car presents less wind resistance with the windows up. If you park in the shade, your car will be cooler when you get in, so it'll be easier to keep comfortable without making the air conditioner work so hard.

Keeping the proper amount of coolant in the radiator will help prevent your car from overheating. It won't save fuel, but it may save expensive towing costs. A lot of people think it's okay just to add extra water, but that can actually cause the mixture in your radiator to boil. Coolant—a 50/50 mixture of ethylene glycol antifreeze and water—raises the boiling temperature and will therefore help prevent overheating.

Your driving habits are probably the most important factor of all in saving fuel. The best advice we can give is to drive at moderate speeds and accelerate evenly. For example, jackrabbit starts take much more gasoline than gradual acceleration. Frequent stops will also cost you fuel, because every "pump" of the accelerator means extra gas going through the carburetor. Also, "riding

the brake" creates a lot of unnecessary friction and wastes gas.

Extra weight in your trunk, such as tire chains, golf clubs you don't plan to use, even unnecessary luggage, takes more gas to haul. And finally, driving at high speeds substantially reduces fuel economy. So observing the 55 mile per hour speed limit makes economic sense and may save lives, too. Tests confirm that you can get approximately 20% better mileage by driving at 50 miles per hour than at 70 miles per hour.

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Porsche 924 Turbo

The new Porsche 924 Turbo. On the track, it has a 0-60 mph time of 6.3 seconds, covers the quarter mile in 16.3 seconds, and a 1/4-mile racing start in 16.3 seconds. At the 1/4-mile mark, it reaches its maximum speed of 124 mph. The 924 Turbo is a direct descendant of the 917 Can-Am champion, the Porsche that made turbocharging practical for road racers. Prior to the 917, turbocharged automobiles suffered from poor throttle response and reliability. But the 917 Turbo solved these problems with its unique bypass valve and wastegate control system—standard equipment on the new 924 Turbo.

1. The KKK turbocharger draws in fresh air.
2. The compressor forces the air/fuel mixture into the engine cylinders under pressure. Because the turbocharged engine receives more air/fuel than a naturally-aspirated engine, its combustion is greater. And its horsepower is increased without increasing its engine displacement. Thus, while the 924 Turbo's engine displaces only 1984 cc, it develops 143 hp at 5500 rpm.
3. The 924 Turbo has almost instantaneous throttle response because of its bypass valve. When the throttle is closed, the valve opens and routes the pressurized air harmlessly back through the compressor in a closed loop. This maintains turbine speed. So when boost is demanded, the turbine does not have to be re-accelerated. Boost is available again in only 0.1 second.
4. Hot, normally-wasted, engine exhaust gases drive the turbine which is connected by a common shaft to the compressor.
5. The gases vent by way of the exhaust line and muffler. A wastegate is located upstream of the turbine to control the excess gases not required to power the turbine.

At Porsche, we design a car as a total system. And so the 924 Turbo has a new cylinder head. A stronger driveshaft. New spoilers, front and rear. In fact, it has the lowest drag coefficient of any street Porsche: 0.35. And as a result of its total design efficiency, it requires only 16.5 horsepower to cruise at 55 mph.

For more information on the 924 Turbo, call toll free (800) 4-A-7-4700.

